

BRO. CONE

Gives His Side of His Expulsion from Church Membership.

(Editor Interior Journal.)

A certain statement having appeared in the INTERIOR JOURNAL of March 24, concerning the exclusion of "Deacon Cone" from the Hustonville Baptist church, I feel constrained thereby, under a sense of duty, and for the sake of truth, to bestow upon it such attention as its contents merit. The said statement bears the signatures of J. D. Briscoe (intended for Burton, I presume) and W. H. Badgett, committee, and purports to have been "done by the order of the church on the 24 Saturday in March, 1893." My response shall be as brief as possible, but I shall seek to make myself understood.

1st. The aforesaid statement possesses the merit of containing one-half truth only. It is true that "on Saturday before the 24 Sunday in February, 1893, the Hustonville Baptist church did legally (10 vs. 5) exclude from her fellowship Deacon N. J. Cone." My alleged crime was that I had handed the elements of the Lord's Supper to J. B. Green, an elder in the Presbyterian church, which I confess to have done. The remainder of the official statement, so called, can be more correctly estimated as to its quality when I shall have analyzed it and exposed its inwardness to the light of truth.

First. It is affirmed that "during the above action" I myself constantly affirmed myself to be a "very zealous member and one of the best informed officers of the church." After the vote of my exclusion had been taken, I simply stated that I had willingly contributed of my money for the support of this church, but made no reference whatever to my claim to superior Bible information as compared with others. As to my Christian character, it is in the hands of my neighbors, and I cheerfully submit to their verdict and will abide the result without complaint. I have received the universal sympathy of members of all churches and of the world, and also very generally of the Hustonville Baptist church, except Rev. John Riffe and his little party, whom he has successfully indoctrinated into his hard shell theology.

2d. On the occasion of my ordination it is stated that I "solemnly avowed" my adherence to "restricted" communion. Had I done so, would I thereby have lost the right of private judgment and the liberty to receive any additional knowledge? If not, this statement is without any force. But "Deacon Cone" made no such Romish avowal to human dictation. During my ordination service I gave to Rev. John Riffe, the author of my expulsion, neither one word, sign nor token of any kind, as expressive of my "avowal" of my adherence to "restricted communion." I expressed neither assent nor dissent from any word he may have uttered during that ceremony.

3d Error. On the occasion when I passed the emblems to J. B. Green the author states that "Bro. Green chanced to be present, but consistently did not come forward." Bro. Green did not "chance" to be present, as he was superintending both Sunday schools in the Baptist house while his own church-house was being repaired, and by invitation of Rev. John Riffe.

The writer (whoever he is) makes the impression that "Bro. Green" was seated in some out of the way corner, where he would not be expected to commune. Then that "Deacon Cone pompously went to Bro. Green and handed him the emblems!"

The facts in the case are: Bro. Green was already and all the time on the front seat, except one, about in the centre of the house and in front of the pulpit and of Rev. John Riffe officiating at the table, and where he could not have been passed by, without attracting the attention of others that the elements had been refused him! Alas! alas!

4th Error. "But Deacon Cone pompously went to Bro. Green and handed him the elements;" that is, went out of his way to get to him; and did all this "pompously" besides! Deacon Cone may not see himself as others see him, yet Deacon Cone is aware that kind Providence has bestowed upon him a rotundity, a compactness and robustness of personality that might possibly make the impression upon the mind of the less favored that his movements were characterized by an unbecoming "pomposity." But Deacon Cone can charitably suppose that his alleged "pomposity" only appears real to those upon whom nature has refused to bestow such qualities!

4th. "Both pastor and deacons labored tenderly and earnestly with the offender for two months, but the more stubborn he became." Here again my conscientious convictions are characterized as "stubbornness," and this is laboring "tenderly with the offender!" Deacons George Riffe and W. H. Badgett visited me once and asked me if I believed in open communion. My reply was that I believed in neither inviting nor debarring any who might desire to commune,

but let each one act upon his own convictions. If my convictions of truth and duty forbid adherence to restricted communion, as they do, am I to be branded with the sin of stubbornness and for it excluded from the church? Be it so. Mordecai refused to bow to Haman. Let Haman erect his gallows, but let him beware that he be not its first victim!

5th Error. When "cited" to trial at the January meeting, he came not to answer the charge, "but to charge the church." I did answer the charge directly and Rev. John Riffe knows it, by stating that my own belief was neither to invite nor debar any one from the ordinance. I furthermore stated that the other deacons had passed the elements to members of other churches ever since the house had been built, and as no charge had ever been made against him this difference seemed to indicate a feeling of personal dislike upon the part of Rev. John Riffe.

6th Error. I am charged with saying that I was "better informed and knew more Baptist doctrine than all the rest of the church." This charge is untrue in every particular. Finally, Deacon Badgett, whose name is appended to the alleged official statement, on the same occasion at which I passed the elements to Bro. Green, passed them to Jos. E. Huffman, a member of the Christian church. The said Badgett has shielded himself from the clerical wrath of Pastor Riffe, by stating that Huffman reached over and snatched the elements!

If I was not ruthlessly excluded, why did they not accept my proposition to leave it to our three former pastors, or either one of the two living in Kentucky (B. F. Taylor or R. R. Noel), or Bro. Wigham's motion to "drop the charge against Bro. Cone, as all the deacons were guilty of the same, and draw the line from hereafter, then if they did it again to deal with them accordingly?"

N. J. CONE.

LIBERTY.

—Jas. W. Alcorn, of Stanford, came in Tuesday.

—Deputy Sheriff W. Clay Adams had another exciting foot race a few days ago on Brush Creek. He had dismounted to serve a writ on a young man for carrying concealed weapons, when the youngster took to his heels and made fast time for 200 yards, but Adams overhauled him. The Brush Creek fellows seem to have considerable aversion to enter that queer shaped rock pile, situated in the depths of one of the Liberty ravines, which so puzzles strangers to know its uses, but which in this section is known by the name of the Casey county jail. They need not be frightened at its uncouth appearance, for it isn't any too secure if they want to get out.

—The 1st term of the Casey circuit court under the new constitution opened Monday with Judge Wallace Jones on the bench and J. C. Muncie, Commonwealth's attorney, present. The new judge gave elaborate instructions, not only to the grand jury, but also to the officers in their various duties and powers under the new order of things. We have heard his instructions commended by the law-loving citizens and have heard no adverse criticisms from any. While there was a large crowd in attendance, there seemed to be an absence of the usual number of legal gentlemen from a distance. We noticed, however, among them R. J. Breckinridge, of Danville, M. E. Tarter, of Pellyton, and J. E. Hays and Brant Stone, of Jamestown. Among the distinguished men from other towns present were J. E. Chilton, of Louisville, E. C. Walton, Lewis Withers and W. P. Tate, Stanford; Dr. Edward Alcorn and Jim Allen, from Hustonville; James Crow and George Alford, from McKinney. In the afternoon there was a fine display of blooded horses on the public square and Middleburg street, but your business manager no doubt took a note of it.

—At this writing a number of "misdeemeanor and minor cases have been tried before the court and verdicts of guilty returned against the offenders and fines fixed, but no important criminal cases. Wm. Allen for the killing of Barlow and John Statham charged with maliciously wounding Joe Brown, have both been continued till next term.

—The Hon. W. H. Wadsworth, of Mayesville, who was stricken with paralysis Sunday morning, died, never having regained consciousness. He served in the Legislature, three terms in Congress and was Grant's minister to Mexico.

—Caswell Bennett, the son of Chief Justice Bennett, who has been in jail at Frankfort, for several weeks on a technical charge of forgery, but kept there more to check a dissipated career, was allowed to leave the prison and the State, the prosecution against him being withdrawn.

—The L. & N. has purchased of the Southern Iron Co. the narrow-gauge road running from Dickson, Tenn., to and beyond Centerville. The road will be changed to a standard gauge and will give a direct line through the great mining regions to Birmingham, and will be of great importance.

WILLIAMSBURG, WHITLEY COUNTY.

—Born, to Mrs. Gorman Jones, on last Friday, at Knoxville, a girl.

—The bass have begun to bite and the fishermen are having lots of fun.

—Charles R. Brock, of London, was here Monday. Mrs. M. A. Moore is very sick.

—The board of supervisors raised the taxable value of property in this county nearly \$200,000.

—Mr. Farra, of the Bible College, Lexington, will preach at the Christian church next Sunday.

—There was a box dinner at Rockhold last Saturday for the benefit of the new Baptist church at that place.

—The Kentucky Lumber Co. will begin the erection of a planing mill soon to replace the one that was burned last fall.

—The winter term of the Institute closed last Thursday and there was a vacation of two days, the spring term opening Tuesday.

—On Sunday afternoon a party of young people secured some boats and took a pleasant excursion about two miles up the river.

—R. S. Crawford and G. W. Chambers were in Corbin Tuesday. Miss Gertrude Lester went to Mt. Vernon Sunday to visit Miss Newcomb.

—Mr. Will Blakely, of Pineville, spent Sunday with his best girl here. Miss Nora Hill spent from Thursday until Monday with Miss Laura Brock, near London.

—Miss Mystice French, of Richmond, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hugely, returned home Saturday. Mrs. Hugely accompanied her. S. V. D. Stout is attending court at Somerset.

—The Cleonian Society of the Institute gave an entertainment last Thursday evening. Long before the time for the exercises to begin the chapel was full to overflowing. The young ladies did well, showing that much time and labor had been spent in preparation.

—Thomas Adkins, an attorney at this place, who has been figuring quite conspicuously in the Louisville papers of late, on account of an escapade made by him at a house of ill-fame three weeks ago, and who has since been arrested for changing the amounts of some claims bought by him at the last term of the circuit court and placed under \$500 bond, has departed for parts unknown. There had been two warrants issued and County Attorney Perkins had some more affidavits in his possession, upon which several more would have been issued, and it is supposed he got news of this and thought it better to leave while \$500 would pay him out.

—Since our last writing death has invaded our town and taken one of our most estimable women. On last Friday morning Mrs. H. C. King, wife of one of our attorneys, was called away, leaving two little children, the youngest only nine days old. Mrs. King's maiden name was Cole and her parents live near Marion, Va., where she was taken for burial Sunday morning. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Mary J. Rector died at her home of pneumonia. Mr. Rector has only been with us a few months, having moved here from near Buckey, Tenn., where Mrs. Rector was taken for burial. She left three little children. To the husbands and children we extend our heartfelt sympathy and trust that they will turn to that One for consolation who only can console under such sad bereavements.

MIDDLEBURG.

—Saturday, April 15, will be horse show day here. There will be several good ones on exhibition and a big crowd is expected. The band will furnish music and a general good time is anticipated.

—B. A. Smith was here last week representing the Cumberland Building and Loan Association at Chattanooga, Tenn., but met with poor encouragement, as the people here are too much interested in the bank.

—John Wilcher and his brother Nelson started Tuesday morning with a number of men and teams for Hell's Creek, in Lee county, where they propose getting out a large quantity of tan bark. They will run a sufficient force to peel some 1,000 or 1,200 cords.

—Rev. J. Q. Montgomery preached at Grove (formerly Deadwood) Sunday at 3 o'clock. Rev. J. N. Bowling preached two discourses at the Baptist church, while on a visit to his family; lately, that we hear highly spoken of by those who heard them. Rev. Vine will preach at the Baptist church Sunday.

—Miss Nellie Vilas, daughter of the U. S. Senator, died from the effects of treacherousness performed for malignant quinzey. The Senator was tarpon fishing in some out of the way place in Florida and could not be reached.

—Cyrus P. Walbridge, republican, was elected mayor of St. Louis by a majority of about 3,000. The republicans also secured the collector and it is thought that they have secured every one of the six councilmen and a majority of the house of delegates.

THE STATE OF CASEY.

The I. J. Man Sojourns a Few Days in That Pleasant Section.

It has been my pleasure this week to mingle with the good people of Casey county and the mingling proved to be a pleasure indeed. Not only did I enjoy the trip, the meeting of old acquaintances and the forming of new ones, but I enjoyed three days of work, which, reference to our books shows, the largest amount ever done for the INTERIOR JOURNAL in the same length of time. "Hard times," of which so many people complain, did not trouble me at all, and I found the clever Caseyite, as a general thing, ready to settle for his paper and give it a strong endorsement to his friends, if any happened around while he was getting his receipt.

Monday was the first day of circuit court and "horse show" day as well, and a large crowd was in town. It was the initiatory court since the change in the districts and many came to see how Judge Wallace Jones and Commonwealth Attorney Muncie were going to conduct affairs. I heard no complaint of either of the gentlemen, but on the contrary, heard them both highly praised. Judge Jones' charge to the grand jury was clear and forceful and no doubt many an illicit whisky dealer shook in his boots while the judge dealt on the whisky subject. Both of the gentlemen are determined to at least lessen the sale of whisky in the county, if not stop it entirely.

I spoke of horse show day above, but did not finish. There were a good many on parade and some of them were richly bred fellows indeed. Several of those whose pedigrees are found in our horse columns were there and all made a first-class showing. George Alford, who exhibited Sentinel, told me that he booked nine mares, while Mr. J. Steele Carpenter, with Wallace Denmark, E. Smith Powell with Erricsson, Jr., and Jim Crow with his fine saddle, Peck's Hambletonian, each did good business.

Liberty is the same quaint and quiet little town and very little change has been made since I wrote from here last, although improvements are to be made soon. Situated so far from a railroad and in rather a poor county it is not strange that the town is at a standstill and it should indeed be commended for not deteriorating.

The principal improvement I heard spoken of is the more than probable building of a hotel by Mr. R. T. Pierce, who kept a hotel for years and who was burned out some three years ago. The proposed building, it is said, will be a three-story frame hotel and will contain 50 rooms. To a man up a tree it looks like this is most too much hotel for the place, but it can be safely said that if Bob Pierce builds it, he will make money out of it as he has done out of everything he has tried.

A rather fishy story was told me by a responsible man of the Middleburg vicinity and were it of a different nature I would vouch for its truthfulness. He said that on the night of the cyclone, which did Rowland so much damage, a substance resembling pulverized sulphur fell and in some of the rain barrels it was 1 of an inch deep. A sprinkle of it was seen on the ground around Middleburg, but it seemed to melt almost the instant it touched the ground. Believe this or not, as you like.

Fishing has been fine for the past two weeks and Green river seems to have a better supply this year than ever before. It is nothing unusual for the head of a family to run down to the river and catch a mess of fish before breakfast.

Mr. East Tarrant, who has been for the past year and a half writing a history of the "First Kentucky Cavalry," is nearly through his work and says the manuscript will be in the hands of our printer within the next six weeks. He thinks the book will contain between 400 and 500 pages and that the retail price will not exceed \$2. Besides telling of every conflict and every incident of importance, which happened to the cavalry during the late unpleasantness, steel engravings of many of the prominent participants will appear. It will certainly be a book of much interest to Mr. Tarrant's comrades, many of whom are alive, and hope it will pay the worthy author handsomely.

The Napier Hotel, which has recently been fitted up by mine host, C. W. Prescott, is doing the flourishing business it deserves. Mr. Prescott is a son-in-law of Capt. J. W. Whipp and is the right man for the business. Capt. Whipp spends a portion of his time around the hotel and fills admirably the role of entertainer.

For five long years there was not a child born in the corporate limits of Liberty and it looked as if the population would seriously diminish. This did not last always, however, and within the last six months an alarming number have come to bless many already happy unions. It is not necessary for one to prick his ears to catch the familiar wail there now, but on the other hand a wad of cotton in each ear would make sleep more of a possibility. E. C. W.

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 mestic women in the world. Home life
 is an incentive and a help—not a hind-
 rance.
 Minnie Thomas Boyce is one of these.
 and her lovely home in Muncie, Ind.,
 contains two rooms dearer to her than all
 the others—her nursery and her library.
 Although yet in her early twenties,
 Mrs. Boyce has written many poems,
 short stories and sketches for the leading
 western papers. Much of her work has
 been for the Chicago Inter Ocean. She
 has contributed to the Indianapolis Sen-
 tinel and the Indianapolis News and is a
 delegate from Indiana to the World's fair
 press convention. She is also a member
 of the National Press league. Humorous
 sketches and stories of Hoosier life are
 especially Mrs. Boyce's forte, although
 her poems for children are eagerly sought
 for and liberally remunerated by the var-
 ious periodicals for which she contribu-
 tes.
 Mrs. Boyce's home life is a very de-
 lightful one. She is the mother of a lov-
 ely boy, to whom she devotes much of her
 time, and is the center of a charming
 circle of people whom she delights by her
 ready wit and gracious hospitality. She
 is, moreover, a beautiful woman, and so
 can summon to her aid in her work a
 treasure both in mind and body.
 It is a very pleasant thing to know of
 talented home women. To read of them
 helps and encourages the scores of women
 who feel themselves to be capable of more
 thought than is required for the daily
 routine of house and home work, yet
 who dread to try their wings for lack of
 the word of encouragement.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

TACT.

What We All Appreciate, but Very Few Possess.

Once upon a time two little girls were
 talking together, one of whom was a year
 or two older than the other. Child No. 1
 inquired, "How many valentines had you
 this year?" The answer was rueful.
 "None at all." Without a moment's
 hesitation and with an admiring
 smile the first said, "Oh, are you grow-
 ing too old for valentines?"

That was exquisite tact. To be grown
 up is the height of youthful ambition,
 and the "left out" girl was thus instan-
 taneously transported by her very neglect to a
 coveted pre-eminence, while the little
 belle set herself deferentially aside by
 reason of her belatedness.

Dr. Holmes says, "Good breeding is
 surface Christianity." And good breed-
 ing is one name for tact. Its other name
 is thoughtfulness. Those who boast in
 the frequent assertion, "I haven't a par-
 ticle of tact, you know," appear to think
 that the lack implies a certain blunt
 honesty. It implies selfishness. Anthony
 Trollope declared once that we never
 forget what we really cared to remem-
 ber; that we only have poor memories in
 certain lines, and because those are sub-
 jects of small interest to us. It is cer-
 tainly astonishing how few among one's
 acquaintance have that blessed faculty
 of setting one at one's ease; of regarding
 others first and themselves last. If a
 man or a woman is popular, it is on this
 account. One can't be popular without it,
 and one can't be altogether disliked—
 no matter how unworthy in other ways
 —who has cultivated the gift. It may
 be a very tiny gift at first and largely
 cultivated.

It should not develop into fussiness,
 which is most wearing and tiresome. It
 should not go so far as inquisitiveness,
 although it must run along the lines of
 friendly interest. "I think Miss B. is a
 very graceless person," complained an
 acquaintance one day. "She said to me
 just now, 'Why, I always supposed you
 were a Methodist.' After all the years
 we've lived in the same town she might
 pay me the compliment of finding out
 where I went to church."

It is the implied flattery that makes
 us—the wisest of us—purr under grace-
 ful attention and feel at least the inclina-
 tion to scratch if it is pointedly with-
 held. Nobody really fancies being
 rubbed the wrong way, even by a good,
 kind hand.
 There is a vast deal of talk in the world
 about ingratitude. Isn't the foundation
 of that complaint laid upon the truth
 that not careless favors nor rough good
 nature can excite a glow of thankfulness
 as may the little deeds of kindness,
 the little words of love that the old
 rhyme tells us are what—not the great
 things that only occur once in awhile—
 will make this earth an Eden, "like to
 heaven above?" Extremes are easy. It
 is the just and exact middle course which
 is hard. "Thank you for nothing" is
 pert, but sometimes it is pertinent. Not
 that which comes from the open hand,
 but what is from the open heart, is wel-
 come to the receiver of any good.

RUTH HALL.

It is a fatal mistake to try to shield a
 woman from everything hard and disa-
 greable. Difficulties strengthen the
 character, and roughing it a bit is whole-
 some. The person who is cared for
 through life like a baby will remain a
 baby through life. Young babies are
 very sweet; old babies not at all so.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Melancholy Story of Four Hapless Old Maids.

First let me repeat my definition of an
 old maid. An old maid is a woman who
 wanted to marry, but never did, and is
 sour and cranky in consequence. As
 I have said, there are few old maids now,
 but I heard an impressive story of four of
 these unfortunate lately. Their father
 thought women ought to be supported by
 the men, and they thought so too. As
 long as he lived the father took care of
 them. They did not know how to do any
 work and scorned it. After they were
 all grown their father died. There was
 nothing left to feed and clothe his four
 daughters. They had one brother, with a
 wife and family of his own. What do you
 suppose these four abject, alleged
 intelligent women in good society did?
 Of course you will say they immediately
 learned useful employments, went into
 the noble world of work and earned their
 own living, being too just and high spir-
 ited to depend on the one brother. But
 no! Not they! They every one slumped
 down and hung like four millstones
 around the neck of that one brother. So
 they do to this day; so they have done
 for 12 years. It is superfluous to say
 the brother does not enjoy it. But these
 girls were brought up to believe that
 woman should be sweetly dependent on
 man and look to him for support. They
 have done so with a vengeance. They
 are well on in years now and live all four
 together in a house by themselves, with
 nothing to do but take note of their
 nerves and dyspepsia and consume patent
 medicines. It is like a graveyard of
 gloom and despair, that home of theirs.
 They believed that woman's mission was
 to marry; they missed it, and this radi-
 ant, glorious and beautiful world became
 only a place for them to nurse their
 grievances. One of them came near be-
 ing married once, but a month before
 her bridal day she broke off the engage-
 ment because she feared her husband
 that was to be could not support her in
 the style in which her generous brother
 had done. She belonged to that class of
 women utterly selfish, who look on men
 only as instruments to provide them
 with money. So the four lived and
 abused the world and all mankind until
 at length one of them became insane.
 She is now in a lunatic asylum, mel-
 ancholy victim of a false education and
 having nothing to do but dwell on her
 own wrongs and ailments. Anybody
 would go crazy who lived like that.

It is better to be dependable than de-
 pendent.

The New Century club building in
 Philadelphia was planned and its con-
 struction superintended by women, and
 it is one of the best specimens of modern
 fireproof houses extant. It has iron
 stairways, its floors are laid in mineral
 wool, and the lathing on the walls is of
 steel wire. The club's new drawing
 rooms are a marvel of convenience, ele-
 gance and artistic beauty.

They do not call him the dude any
 more. He is the "sissey man" now.

Every day comes the news that one or
 the other house of some state legislature
 has reported favorably a joint resolu-
 tion submitting a constitutional amend-
 ment for woman suffrage to the people.
 The senate of the conservative old state
 of Pennsylvania has reported such a
 resolution.

One of the greatest of living women is
 Mary Ellen Lease, orator, political agi-
 tator and member of the Kansas bar.
 Eloquent and logical beyond most, she
 is absolutely fearless, and this is the
 greatest quality of all in a moral war-
 fare. Probably in the whole course of
 her singularly eventful life it has never
 occurred to her to conceal one of her
 convictions of right and justice be-
 cause it might be unpopular and incur the
 frown of Mrs. Grundy. For this I glory
 in Mary Lease.

Mrs. Taylor of Little Washington,
 Pa., has done something in oils. She
 began by making a few modest and care-
 ful investments in the Pennsylvania oil
 fields. She held them till they became
 profitable; then sold them at an advance
 and made other investments, or kept
 them and sold the petroleum. Mrs. Tay-
 lor is now worth \$3,000,000, won by her
 own business shrewdness and industry.
 She is able to support a husband.

A stained glass window has been
 erected in Jevington church, England,
 to the memory of the late Duke of Devon-
 shire. It was painted by the women art
 students of Wimbledon, and the sub-
 ject was the ascension of our Lord.
 Just what connection the death of the
 old Duke of Devonshire had with the
 ascension of our Lord is perhaps clearer to
 the English mind than to that of an
 American.

Nearly 500 women are employed as
 station agents on the French railways,
 but they get only half as much pay as
 men. This is partly owing to the fact
 that comparatively few occupations are
 open to Frenchwomen, largely also to
 the fact that women cannot vote. Deny-
 ing women the right to vote and paying
 women less than men for the same work
 will both be looked upon as relics of bar-
 barism in 1903. Just watch and see if
 this is not so.

It is offensive in the extreme, this talk
 that every once in awhile appears in
 some newspaper about putting a tax on
 bachelors and using other means to lure
 young men into matrimony. If men do
 not want to marry, let them alone. Wom-
 en ought to hold their own womanhood
 and delicacy so high that they will be
 considered to confer a favor on men by
 consenting to marry them.

The success of the admirable state
 fairs of Wisconsin is in no small mea-
 sure due to the energy and organizing
 power of Miss Frances L. Fuller of Mad-
 ison, assistant secretary of the state ag-
 ricultural society. She has held her of-
 fice a number of years and makes out
 the annual report of the society, also
 preparing the premium lists.

The first railway train over the World's
 fair grounds will be in charge of a pretty
 girl engineer, Miss Ida Hewitt, a regular
 locomotive engineer of Cairo, W. Va.
ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.



PIG FEEDING.

**Experiments in Carbonaceous and Nitro-
 genous Diet at Cornell University.**

From bulletin 47 of the Cornell agri-
 cultural station we extract the following:
 Four Poland-China pigs about 3 months
 old were divided into two lots of two
 each Nov. 2 for experimental feeding to
 compare nitrogenous and carbonaceous
 rations.

In this experiment the animals of lot
 2 were pigs of a sow fed a carbonaceous
 diet until the birth of the pigs, and the
 animals of lot 1 were pigs of a sow
 fed a nitrogenous ration.

Some experiments of this nature have
 shown that a ration of clear cornmeal
 and water did not give the desired re-
 sults as a carbonaceous ration, because
 the animal would refuse to eat a suf-
 ficient quantity of the clear meal to give
 the desired gain. To avoid this diffi-
 culty a little animal nitrogen in the
 form of meat scrap was added to the ra-
 tion of lot 2 or the carbonaceous lot.
 This animal nitrogen was offset by add-
 ing scrap beef tallow to the ration.



LOT 1. [Nitrogenous.] **LOT 2. [Carbonaceous.]**

The ration of lot 2 consisted of corn-
 meal, 27 parts; beef tallow, 2 parts, and
 meat scrap 1 part.

The ration of lot 1 consisted of corn-
 meal, 2 parts; meat scrap, 1 part, and
 skimmilk. The amount of skimmilk fed
 to lot 1 varied somewhat from day to
 day as the supply varied, so considerable
 water was drunk by this lot during
 the experiment. Fresh water was con-
 stantly kept in water boxes accessible to
 each lot during the entire experiment.

It will be observed that the nitroge-
 nous lot made a much greater growth
 than did the carbonaceous fed lot. The
 general appearance of the hogs differed
 even more than their difference in weight.
 The picture is reproduced from a photo-
 graph taken of the hogs after dressing
 while they were yet on the shambles. It
 will be noticed that the pigs of the ni-
 trogenous fed lot were larger, longer and
 showed a less tendency to lay on fat, as
 seen in jowls of lot 2. There was also a
 considerable difference in the proportion
 of lean and fat meats of the two lots.

Care of Working Teams.

Do not work the horses or oxen too
 hard at first if they have not been steady
 at work through the winter. A hard
 day's work counts with them as it does
 with the man who pitches the manure or
 holds the plow, and if they are over-
 worked they feel it the next day, and
 if they are getting old or are very young
 they feel it more than those in their
 prime. It is very easy for the farmer to
 plan his work that neither man nor
 beast need to continue for more than six
 hours at one kind of labor at this season
 of the year.

Put up the team and let them have a
 rest, while the men rest by exercising a
 different set of muscles. Increase the
 feed of the team a little, but not too
 much at once. It is better that they
 should have a little less than the ap-
 petite demands than to have more than the
 stomach will digest. And the men ought
 to know this and be careful to eat no
 more than is needed to supply the wants
 of the system. Some of them do not,
 but they usually know how to make the
 next day's work easier if they have had a
 bad night. The team would probably do
 the same thing if they could stop when
 they would.

Do not be afraid to give them careful
 grooming. Rub out the perspiration
 and wash off in cold water the places
 where the harness or yoke bore the
 heaviest. Do not rub on grease unless
 the skin is broken, nor use any deco-
 rations of oak bark or other tanning ma-
 terial. Tanned hide may wear longer than
 the natural skin, but it loses the power
 of renewing itself which the skin has.
 If the skin is very sore, wash in warm
 water, then in cool and afterward in
 cold water and rub dry after the last
 application. When working the team in
 cart or plow, see that they are so at-
 tached to the load as to be able to do the
 largest possible amount of work with
 the least knowledge of the laws of me-
 chanics, but the driver of the team ought
 to be able to notice when they are work-
 ing too hard for the labor they are ac-
 complishing, and if he cannot see the
 remedy at once he should experiment
 until he finds the best way or a
 better way than he had before.—**American Cultivator.**

Experiments in Lamb Feeding.

With regard to feeding lambs, the Cor-
 nell (N. Y.) agricultural experiment sta-
 tion gives this as the summary of a set
 of experiments:
 First—Ensilage fed with hay to lambs
 gave equally as good results as where all
 hay had been fed, and the ensilage had
 the advantage of being the cheaper food
 —four pounds of ensilage being equiva-
 lent to one pound of hay.

Second—Lambs fed on ensilage drank
 less water than lambs fed wholly on dry
 food, but the lambs fed ensilage con-
 sumed more water in the food and the
 water drank than those fed dry food.

Third—Where nitrogenous and car-
 bonaceous rations were compared as
 food for lambs, the individuals of the lot
 of lambs receiving the nitrogenous ra-
 tion made a more uniform gain in live
 weight than the lot fed a carbonaceous
 ration.

BUZZING THE BEEKEEPER.

Select a Sheltered Spot For New Colonies
This Spring.

The beekeeper should increase the
 number of his bees each season, and it
 may be that many of those who never
 entered into the business will undertake
 the work of increasing their income by
 this method. From nearly all farmers
 who have raised bees we hear that there
 is a larger percentage of profit in bee-
 keeping than in raising grains or garden
 crops. The chief capital in beekeeping
 is brains, patience and perseverance.

If colonies are started this spring, be
 sure to select a place for them behind
 some garden fence or hedge, where the
 branches and leaves of the briars and
 bushes will shield them from the raw
 northerly winds. Bees in the woods al-
 ways select such a sheltered place for
 their home, and in the winter time they
 will often live here without any other
 protection. Many an old farmer keeps
 his bees successfully all through the
 winter by locating his hives in some sun-
 ny, sheltered place behind the woodshed,
 orchard or tract of thick timber.

In fact, a few colonies of bees can be
 kept better probably behind a bee shed
 than in any other place, and all through
 the coldest weather they will live and
 thrive. The raw, chilling winds from the
 north and northwest are the most in-
 jurious things that can threaten the
 lives of the insects. Look out for the
 March winds. It is often the most try-
 ing month. The warm days give life
 and restlessness to the bees, but they are
 suddenly followed by raw, chilling winds
 which carry death with them. The hives
 that are protected by some windbreak
 during this month will be the most suc-
 cessful ones.

It is best to let the bees fly around
 once in awhile during the warm days
 if they become restless, but great pre-
 caution must be taken to protect them at
 night. The sudden changes from the
 day to the night may kill a whole col-
 ony. This is often the case in the latter
 part of March, although they may have
 passed through the cold winter success-
 fully. The winter protection cannot be
 entirely removed until spring is really
 here and cold night "snaps" are no longer
 possible. Then arrangements for new
 colonies should begin actively, for the
 beekeeper's season has opened with the
 appearance of the first blossom.—
Helen Wharburton in American Cultivator.

Giving the Pigs a Start.

"What kind of pasture do you use?"
 "It is clover and timothy. Heretofore
 in one field my pasture has been alsike
 clover and timothy, which make a better
 growth than the common red. In this
 field I feed off my fall pigs. In a box at
 the outlet of a tile drain they get water
 that never freezes except in very cold
 weather. I also avoid any contagious
 disease by watering them in this way.
 On the stream that flows through my
 farm my stock are often exposed to dis-
 ease from hogs dying above my place.
 My pastures in the main are timothy,
 alsike and common red clover—the two
 clovers in about equal quantities."

"I aim to give them a start toward in-
 dependence when about the age of 10
 days by giving them a little shelled corn,
 or better, wheat, in a pen to themselves
 near the sow's nest. In that pen I want
 a shallow trough containing a little slop
 at a temperature of about 90 degrees.
 This is made of brown middlings and
 water. I scatter the shelled corn on
 both sides of the trough, so that the pigs
 passing over the trough are sure to get
 into it and get a taste of the slop. I
 have no skimmilk, as I keep but one or
 two cows, and the milk and kitchen slops
 go to the poultry yard.

"Experience with 45 head of fall pigs
 now on hand is to the effect that they do
 as well with wheat as with corn and
 slop. This lot never saw slop till they
 were 10 weeks old, and so far as I can
 tell they have done just as well as others
 raised on slop and corn."—**Cor. Rural New Yorker.**

Live Stock Points.

A successful chicken raiser recom-
 mends that the water be given to the
 fowls in a rusty tin pan. The iron from
 the pan enters the water, and from the
 water goes into the poultry and thus en-
 riches their blood. It does not cost much
 to try anyhow.

Some of the breeders of horses in the
 west are in the business on a great scale.
 One man has upon his ranch five distinct
 breeds—both French and German coach
 horses, Percherons, Belgian drafts and
 Shires.

The mule industry is booming. A
 Missourian thinks he has at present the
 largest jack and jennet breeding farm in
 the world. At this time he has as many
 as 200 jacks on the farm.

A colt should be halter broken as soon
 as it is old enough to stand firmly and
 trot along by its mother; the sooner the
 better.

Shear the wool away from suckling
 ewes' udders.

You cannot afford to lose any of the
 pigs that are farrowed this spring. The
 price of pork is too high for that. There-
 fore use extra care with both the brood
 sows and the litters.

James A. Funkhouser predicts in The
 Breeder's Gazette that before July 1
 good, fat beef cattle will be selling for
 \$6 a hundred.

Always give your horses a few pounds
 of hay before feeding oats.

The editor of The Southern Live Stock
 Journal believes that crossing the hack-
 ney on the ordinary light harness horse
 of this country would produce a much
 improved animal.

Fat hens do not lay. Lean, fresh meat
 is good for egg production.

Ensilage is certainly healthful for both
 cows and sheep.

Is it a slander or not—the story that
 there are more dogs than sheep in the
 state of Minnesota?

There are chemical preparations which
 easily kill in the bud the horns of young
 calves, that, too, without much pain.
 This is the best way of dehorning.

Barbed wire fencing will keep out the
 coyote, a western live stockman says.

DR. W. B. PENNY
Dentist.
 Office South side Main street, in office room
 vacated by Dr. L. F. Huffman, Stanford, Ky.

Farmers Bank & Trust Co
OF STANFORD, KY.

Is now fully organized and ready for business with

Paid up Capital of - \$200,000.
Surplus, 20,000.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LINCOLN NATIONAL
BANK OF STANFORD.

Now closing up with the same assets and under
 the same management.

By provisions of its charter, depositors are as
 fully protected as are depositors in National
 Banks, its shareholders being held individually
 liable to the extent of the amount of their stock
 therein at the par value thereof, in addition to the
 amount invested in such shares. It may act as
 executor, administrator, trustee, etc., as fully as
 an individual.

To those who entrusted their business to us
 while managing the Lincoln National Bank of
 Stanford, we tender our many thanks and
 trust they will continue to transact their business
 with us, offering as a guarantee for prompt atten-
 tion to same, our twenty years' experience in
 banking and as liberal accommodations as are con-
 sistent with sound banking.

DIRECTORS:

J. J. Williams, Mt. Vernon;
 J. M. Hall, Stanford;
 J. S. Owsley, Stanford;
 S. J. Embury, Stanford;
 J. K. Lynn, Stanford;
 A. W. Carpenter, Milledgeville;
 J. F. Cash, Stanford;
 William Gooch, Stanford, Ky.
 S. H. Shanks, President. J. B. Cusley, Cashier.
 W. M. Bright, Teller.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF STANFORD, KY.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000
Surplus.....20,500

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL
SCREAMER

A mahogany bay, black mane and tail, 16 hands high. Fine saddle stallion, foaled May 15, 1888. Sired by the well known saddle stallion Screamer, he by the noted Denmark horse.
First dam by a second Gill, 2d dam by Logan's Gill, 3d dam by Gill's Vermont.
Old Screamer in his day and time was a fine show horse and has produced a fine lot of saddle horses. This young stallion has a few coming 2-year-olds and yearlings that show fine saddle qualities and are good ones. Screamer will make the season of 1893 at the stable of his owner on the Dix River and Garrard County turnpike, near Budden's Mill.

At \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.
I will at the same time and place stand my 5 year-old jack.

JOE EMBRY

At \$5 for a mare and \$6 for a horse, to insure a living colt money due on all seasons when colts come. If mares are traded off or removed from the neighborhood without satisfying me that they are not in foal, season becomes due. Lien retained on colts till money is paid. Address
C. M. SPOONAMORE,
Rowland, Ky.

Central Park, Danville

GAMBONITO 8419.

Race record 2:24 5th time. Foaled 1887. Black Horse, 16 hands.
Sired by **GABRIELLA WILKES**.
(Sire of 31 in 230 at 10 years.)
1st dam Maud, by Garrard Chief (sire of Basil Duke 2:14 1/2 and of 2d dam Don Lorenzo 2:17 1/2).
2d dam Lottie, by Maud (sire of 2d dam Lottie 2:17 1/2).
3d dam Nell, by son of Billy Boice 2:14, by Corbeau, sire of 6 in 230 at 10 years.
4th dam by Helms' Yorkshire, thoroughbred.

In offering Gambonito's services we believe that we have in him the BEST INDIVIDUAL, the BEST GAITED, BEST TEMPERED, and as GOOD A RACE HORSE as lives. He has proven himself an excellent breeder. The first colt of his get was handled last season at a year old, and trotted quarters early in June in 45 seconds, and was then turned out until fall and handled about a month and could trot quarters late in the fall in 38 seconds.
We make the price for his services so anybody can breed to him—\$35 to insure, or \$25 the season, cash at time of service.
We will handle the trial of his get this season. We will take you to call and see Gambonito and his produce. Care to prevent accident, but not responsible should any occur. Mares kept at reasonable rates.
We will handle trotters and saddlers at reasonable rates. For further particulars call on or address
W. M. M. RICE & SON,
Danville, Ky.

ONWARD MESSENGER.

Standard. Bred by Charles Dunn.
Sired by **ONWARD CHIEF 4495.**

By Onward 1411, record 2:25 1/2, sire of 49 in 230 list, also 17 producing sons and 16 producing daughters.

1st dam Lady Messenger, by Hutchinson's Chief 12420, 2d dam Eliza Jane, (dam of Maud Messenger 2:16 1/2, Merit 2:37) by Gentle Breeze 3456, sire of Pearl 2:30, 4th dam Kitty Rivers, dam of Bertie Girl 2:37, by Abdallah 15, sire of Almont, Belmont, &c.; 3d dam by Red Jacket, sire of the dam of Kentucky Wilkes 2:21 1/2, Madison Wilkes 2:28 1/2 and granddam of Red Wilkes, So So 2:17 1/2, Lizzie Wilkes 2:22 1/2, &c.

Bay horse, heavy mane and tail, with size, style and finish, and representing some of the best trotting families in the whole country. Should make a great stock horse. Will make a short season at our stable 2 1/2 miles west of Stanford, at

\$12.50 to Insure a Mare in Foal.

At same place a

LARGE MULE JACK,

At \$10 to insure
J. A. & S. T. HARRIS,
Stanford, Ky.

Wedgewood 436.

This fine saddle stallion will make the season of 1893 at my stable one mile west of McCormack's Church on the Knob Lick, McCormack's Church and Turnersville turnpike road, Lincoln Co., Ky., at

\$3 the Season, or \$10 to Insure a Living Colt Four Months Old.

Colts standing good until season money is paid, mares parted with or removed from Co. forfeits insurance money. Disruption and Pedigree. He is a dark bay 15 1/2 hands high, heavy mane and tail, very smooth, even turned horse and has all the fancy saddle gait which he transmits with great uniformity. He was sired by Second Jewel 48, he by Jewell Denmark (Cunningham) 70, he by old Washington Denmark 64.

1st dam Lillie Denmark sired by old Stonewall Jackson 74, he by old Washington Denmark 64, dam Crusader &c.; 2d dam was sired by Riffe's Glencoe, he by Imp Glencoe dam a thoroughbred, 3d dam was sired by the great old Tom Hal and out of a Copperbottom.

Realizing the great demand for a first class saddle stallion I have taken great pains to cross this horse and I respectfully invite the inspection and patronage of every one wishing to breed to a horse belonging to his class, as he crosses back to the acknowledged foundation saddle strains.

Mares kept any way on liberal terms, but not responsible for any accidents should any occur.

J. M. CARTER, JR.,
Shelby City Ky

SILVER TIP 169.

This handsome saddle stallion will make the season of 1893 at the stable of Beasley Bros., one mile west of Stanford on the Hustonville turnpike.

At \$15 to Insure a Living Colt.

Money due when colt is foaled or mare parted with, moved out of county or bred to another horse. Pasture furnished mares from a distance at \$2 per month. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but in no event will we be responsible for either.

Pedigree: Silver Tip was sired by Silver King, he by On Time, he by Stonewall Jackson. First dam by Shedaile, by Oliver, son of Waggoner; second dam by Red Lion.

Silver King's dam was Mollie Mounce, sired by Cabell's Lexington, son of Blood's Black Hawk; 2d dam by Young America, son of Taylor's Messenger. Skeddadle's dam was Melod, 3d dam Trumpeter, 3d dam Aratus.

Description: Silver Tip was foaled May 5, 1888, a beautiful red bay, 15 1/2 hands high, no mane and tail, which he carries to perfection. We claim for this young stallion that this is one of the finest bred saddle stallions in the State, with the very best saddle blood coursing through his veins, backed up on both sides by thoroughbreds. In addition to this stallion's saddle qualities, he has a bold, open trot, which eminently recommends him as a sire of high class combined horses. As we can readily recommend him as a breeder, as this will be his third season, and his colts will compare favorably with the get of any horse in the country.

BEASLEY BROS. W. H. HAYS,

At \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

Lien retained on colt till season is paid.

Ranger is 15 1/2 hands high, black with white points. Bred and raised by W. H. Carpenter, of Newmarket, Tenn., and is registered in the Breeders' Association of Nashville, Tenn. He is a fine performer and sure foot getter.

J. W. POWELL,
Hustonville, Ky.

Breeze : Wilkes.

Standard.
Bay stallion 15 1/2 hands high, foaled 1887; sired by Potoskey, sire King Toskey 2:15; Mary Lou 2:19 1/2; Nellie O'Neil 2:23 1/2; Doramartin 2:19; at years-old; by George Wilkes sire of Harry Wilkes 2:15 1/2; Guy Wilkes 2:15 1/2; with three, three year olds with records under 2:30, Potoskey's 1st dam, Fannie by Iron Cadmus; 2d dam Cadmus by American Eclipse; 3d dam by Brown's. His founder, &c. 1st dam Eliza Jane, dam of Maud Messenger 2:16 1/2; 2d dam, Kittle Rivers, by Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid record 2:17; 3d dam Red Jacket, &c.

Breeze Wilkes will make the season of 1893 at my place, 1 1/2 miles from Stanford on the Kish Branch pike at

\$15 to Insure a Living Colt.

If mares I parted with money is due. Lien on colt until money is paid.
CHARLES DUNN.

T. L. BAUGHMAN. J. S. BAUGHMAN.

THE SILVER KING.

Standard, No. 713 Bay Stallion, 16 hands, foaled 1888.

SIRED BY SILVER KING

Son of On Time, first dam by Limber Jim; second dam by Old Drennon. This handsome saddle stallion will make the season of 1893 at the S. O. Baughman place, five miles from Danville on the new Lancaster turnpike, at

\$10 to Insure a Living Colt.

We will also stand the four-year-old

BLACK JACK. SMITH,

15 1/2 hands high, by Proctor Knott at \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.
Mares kept at reasonable rate at owner's risk.
BAUGHMAN BROS.,
Danville, Ky.

Denmark Chief.

Denmark Chief will make the present season at

\$8 to Insure a Living Colt

He is a nice bay, 15 hands 1 1/2 inches high, four years old. He sired well, but has not been trained. He is by Hutchinson Chief, No. 12420, by Messenger Chief. Hutchinson Chief's first dam by Sentinel, 2d dam by Alexander's Abdallah, 3d dam by Red Jacket. Messenger Chief by Abdallah Pilot; 1st dam by Mambino Mesenger, 2d dam by Mambino Chief, 3d dam by Imp Napoleon.

Denmark Chief's 1st dam was sired by Sumpter Denmark, he by Goddard's Denmark, he by Gaines & Cromwell's Denmark, he by the race horse Denmark, he by Imp Hedgeford. His 2d dam was by On Time, 3d dam by Red Lion.

I will also stand at same place my fine mule jack

PRINCE, JR.,

By Hubble's Prince, the sire of Brigholi and Joe Blackburn.

At \$8 to Insure.

Mares parted with forfeits the insurance.
L. D. GARNER,
Crab Orchard, Ky.

SEASON OF 1893.

LEXINGTON DENMARK.

The Combined Stallion at \$15 to Insure a Living Colt.

EMPEROR 27.

The Standard and Registered Jennet Jack at \$15 for Mule and Jennet Colts, and \$25 for Jacks, Same Terms.

For Full Description and Extended Pedigree call on or address,

I. S. TEVIS,
(Near) Shelby City, Ky.

GILT EDGE 261.

Registered.

Gilt Edge is a beautiful red sorrel, 15 hands and tail, 15 inches high; was foaled Sept. 6, 1886, and is a perfect saddle horse.

Gilt Edge was shown as a 3-year-old and took the sweetest premium at Kirksville and Danville and in his own ring at Harrodsburg. Those who want to breed to a good saddle stallion are cordially invited to look at our horse and see him move.

He was sired by Second Jewel, he by Cunningham's Jewel, he by old Washington Denmark. His first dam Mimie, by McDonald's Halcorn.

Second dam by Wells' Crusader, his 1st dam by Stonewall Jackson, he by Washington Denmark, he by Black Denmark, his 1st dam by Crusader, he by Old Whip, 2d dam a Rocky Mountain mare.

MADISON SANDIDGE & SON,

Milledgeville Ky.

RANGER.

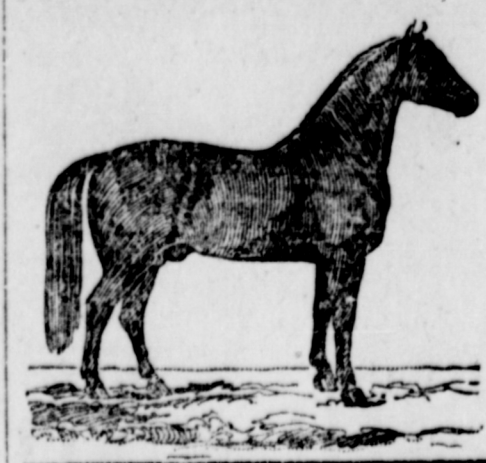
I will stand my jack, Ranger, the present season at my place 1 1/2 miles west of Hustonville, on the Bradfordsville pike.

At \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

Lien retained on colt till season is paid.

Ranger is 15 1/2 hands high, black with white points. Bred and raised by W. H. Carpenter, of Newmarket, Tenn., and is registered in the Breeders' Association of Nashville, Tenn. He is a fine performer and sure foot getter.

J. W. POWELL,
Hustonville, Ky.



DIRECTED 13945.

Will make the season of 1893 at "Maples" the old home of Arthur Sims and Wyandotte.

At \$20 to Insure.

Lien retained on colt for service fee. Directed 13945, was sired by Director 1286, record 2:17; 1st dam Fanny Wilkes, by George Wilkes 2:19, record 2:22; 2d dam Fan dam of Kate Sprague 2:18, Lil Sprague 2:17 1/2, &c.; by Lance, son of Flying Morgan; 3d dam Queen, by General Gifford; 4th dam Fanny, by Chancellor, 5th dam by American Eclipse.

Directed is 15 hands, 1 1/2 inches high; he is magnificently built and splendidly proportioned; deep through the heart, short back, long body, short from knee to ground, short from back down, fine line, hip and snail, nice mane and tail. Crow black, splendid eye, and intelligent countenance. He is beyond any doubt a born trotter. A son of lived with a record as good as 2:17 that ever sired two with records better than 2:17. But the power to meet extreme speed is the birth right of Director, having sired Direct 1286, who has won \$5,350; Margaret S., 2:17 1/2, winnings \$20,234 1/2; Evangeline 4 yrs. 2:15 1/2, winnings \$12,320 and Director 13945 2:15 1/2, winnings \$12,320 making a total of \$50,450 for the quartette. Director and his get have won altogether \$14,725 75.

T. A. ELKIN,
Lancaster, Ky.

SENTINEL 21479

Which was made with but little handling. Sentinel 21479 was sired by Almont Sentinel, by Sentinel, he by Hambletonian 10.

1st dam by Shakespeare; 2d dam by Long's Hambletonian; 3d dam a thoroughbred.

Sentinel 21479 is a beautiful dark bay, 16 hands high, heavy mane and tail and pronounced by competent judges to be the handsomest horse in Kentucky.

In selecting a stallion I endeavored to get one with a gentle disposition, combined with size, form, fine square trotting action, speed and individual merit as well as pedigree. As a sire I am satisfied that his success is assured, as he has some very promising two-year-olds that I am sure will go in the 30 list this year. Two of them were sold at the Lexington sales this year and brought good prices.

Sentinel 21479 will make the season of 1893 at my stable at McKinney.

Money due when colt stands up and sucks, mare parted with or bred to another horse. Grass furnished at \$2 per month. Not responsible for accidents should any occur.

GEORGE E. ALFORD,
McKinney, Ky.

ERRICSSON JR.

Second Cousin to MAUD S. Jay-Eye-See and Nutwood and half brother to the dam of Moquette 2:10; 4-year-old champion stallion record, and the sire of the dam of Bellvira, 2:08 1/2, also of the dams of three others with records of 2:19, 2:19 1/2 and 2:19 1/2 all made in 1892.

Erricsson Jr. is a solid black, 16 hands high and weighs 1200 lbs., and is a stallion that recommends himself. By Erricsson 130, the champion stallion of his day. 1st dam by Bodoe, by old Pilot, the sire of Pilot Jr., sire of the dams of Maud S., Jay-Eye-See, and Nutwood. His colts are unusually kind, good size, fine style, having produced some of the best of the country can afford.

They are good roadsters and the best of family horses, and if handled would make good race horses. Will make the season at my stable 1 1/2 miles from Hustonville on the Hustonville and Liberty road.

At \$10 to Insure a Mare in Foal.

Mares bred and traded or bred elsewhere renders season due. Lien retained on colt until season is paid.

Pasture \$1.50 per month, all mares at owners risk.
E. S. POWELL,
Hustonville, Ky.

ON : TIME, : JR.,

By Second Jewel 48.

Dam by Old Stonewall Jackson.

Realizing the great demand for a first class saddle stallion I have taken great pains to cross this horse and I respectfully invite the inspection and patronage of every one wishing to breed to a horse belonging to his class, as he crosses back to the acknowledged foundation saddle strains.

Mares kept any way on liberal terms, but not responsible for any accidents should any occur.

J. M. CARTER, JR.,
Shelby City Ky

At \$15 to Insure a Living Colt.

Money due when the colt comes or mare parted with. Mares grazed or fed at reasonable prices. Not responsible for accidents should any occur.

Gilt Edge is a beautiful red sorrel, 15 hands and tail, 15 inches high; was foaled Sept. 6, 1886, and is a perfect saddle horse.

Gilt Edge was shown as a 3-year-old and took the sweetest premium at Kirksville and Danville and in his own ring at Harrodsburg. Those who want to breed to a good saddle stallion are cordially invited to look at our horse and see him move.

He was sired by Second Jewel, he by Cunningham's Jewel, he by old Washington Denmark. His first dam Mimie, by McDonald's Halcorn.

Second dam by Wells' Crusader, his 1st dam by Stonewall Jackson, he by Washington Denmark, he by Black Denmark, his 1st dam by Crusader, he by Old Whip, 2d dam a Rocky Mountain mare.

MADISON SANDIDGE & SON,

Milledgeville Ky.

RANGER.

I will stand my jack, Ranger, the present season at my place 1 1/2 miles west of Hustonville, on the Bradfordsville pike.

At \$8 to Insure a Living Colt.

Lien retained on colt till season is paid.

Ranger is 15 1/2 hands high, black with white points. Bred and raised by W. H. Carpenter, of Newmarket, Tenn., and is registered in the Breeders' Association of Nashville, Tenn. He is a fine performer and sure foot getter.

J. W. POWELL,
Hustonville, Ky.

Three year olds, 16 hands high, with white points, heavy bone good style and extra length. Sired by the champion Jack, Tom Keene, by Rube Billington, he by Clark's Mammoth, he by Wight's Mammoth, he by Mariage Mammoth. Tom Keene's dam by Col. Epson, he by Epson's Montgomery, by Col's Montgomery, by Old Black Sampson. Tom Keene's second dam by Megui, by Compromise, by Tippecanoe, by Black Hawk, by Imp. Warrior. Gov. St. John's dam Dolly Woods, by Tully's Warrior, her dam an imported jennet. The above finely bred young jack, whose blood lines trace twice to the great Warner family and to the noted Black Hawk, the greatest of the Warner family, with an infusion of fresh imported blood close up, should prove a great breeder. There will also be some of his last year's get in the neighborhood to show for themselves. Will stand at \$10 to insure a living colt to approved mares and \$15 for jennets, without distinction as to sex of progeny.

B. F. POWELL,

The Lincoln Stock Farm,

J. P. CROW, Proprietor,

McKINNEY, - - - - KENTUCKY.

Belmont Chief 8689.

SUMAC,

.....And.....

OTHER GOOD ONES.

NABOTH 10016,

Standard Rule 6.

Record 2:21 1/2, made in third heat in race at Evansville, Ind. Has trotted miles in 2:19; will go in 2:15 this season. Will remain in stud till June 1st and then go back in training.

Sired by Walsingham 2166, (sire of Latitude 2:19 1/2 and 7 or 8 others in the list)

1 dam Tinsel by Messenger Duroc 106, son of Hamiltonian and sire of Elaine 2:20, the dam of Norlane, yearling record 2:31 1/2.

2 dam Bess Sister to James Howell, Jr., by Hamiltonian 10, sire of Dexter 2:17 1/2.

3 dam Jessie Sayre by Harry Clay 45, sire of the dams of St. Julien 2:11 1/2, Bodine 2:19 1/2, and 12 more that have produced 2:30 trotters; also sire of the dam of Electioneer, sire of 50 in the 2:30 list.

4 dam by Liberty, son of Lance, by American Eclipse.

Walsingham 2166, sire of Naboth, is one of the youngest sons of George Wilkes 516, record 2:22, who sired Harry Wilkes 2:13, Guy Wilkes 2:15, Mike Wilkes 2:15 1/2, Wilcox 2:16, and 62 others in 2:30 list; also 41 producing sons and 19 producing daughters.

NOTE.—Naboth is a bay horse, 16 hands high, foaled June 28, 1888. His pedigree contains the blood of Hambletonian, George Wilkes, Mambino Chief, Pilot, Jr., and Harry Clay. \$40 to insure a living colt.

STAR DENMARK.

Saddle Stallion. Bay horse, 15 1/2 hands high, 3 white feet, heavy mane and tail, fine style and action. Sired by Woodford Denmark.

1 dam by King William. 2 dam by Goddard's Sumpter Denmark. 3 dam a thoroughbred. \$15 to insure a living colt.

GRADY WILKES,

Seal brown stallion, 15 1/2 hands high, foaled 1885, bred by George W. Carico, Terra Haute, Ind.

Sired by RED WILKES 1749.

1 dam Nellie D. by Polt.

2 dam Lucy by Copperbottom.

Red Wilkes 1749 (sire of Red Belle 2:11 1/2, Prince Wilkes 2:14 1/2, Allie Wilkes 2:15, Phil Thompson 2:16 1/2, and 83 others in 2:30, eleven in 2:20; 28 in 1891) by George Wilkes 519; 1 dam Queen Dido by Mambino Chief 11, etc.

Bolt, by Alexander's Abdallah 15 (sire of Almont, Belmont, etc.) 1 dam by Grey Eagle.

Grady Wilkes is by one of the greatest living sires, is kind and gentle and has frequently shown a 2:30 gait. Will make the season at \$15 to insure a living colt.

WILLIAM L.

Saddle Stallion. By Silver King and out of a Gray Eagle mare. He is a handsome stallion, and a fine show horse. Will stand at \$10 to insure a living colt.

I also have **Four Fine Jacks** that will stand at \$10 to Insure.

Stable two miles south of Hustonville on Moreland and Carpenter's Station pike.
J. K. BAUGHMAN,
Hustonville, Ky.

GEO. DICTATOR 3862

Standard.

Black Stallion; Foaled in 1884; 15 1/2 hands high.

Sired by Dictator 113.

Sire of Jay Eye See 2:10, Phallus 2:13, Director 2:17 and 38 others in the 2:30 list, and grand sire of Direct 2:06, Nancy Hanks 2:04, Lockhart 2:14 1/2, and 33 others in the 2:30 list. Dictator by Hambletonian (sire of Electioneer, George Wilkes, Dexter, etc.), dam Clara (dam of Dexter 2:17, Alma 2:28) and Astoria 2:29 1/2, by American Star 14 (sire of the dams of Guy 2:12, Robert McGregor 2:17 1/2, etc.).

1 dam ALICE by Almont 33, record 2:39 1/2, by Abdallah 15 (sire of Goldsmith Maid 2:14, and Belmont, sire of Nutwood 2:18 1/2) dam by Mambino Chief 11, out of a daughter of Pilot, Jr. (sire of the dam of Maud S. 2:08 1/2). Almont sired 50 in the 2:30 list.

2 dam by Norman 25 (sire of Lula 2:14), May Queen 2:20, of the dams of Norval 2:17, Fanny Robinson 2:20, Norman Medium 2:20, etc.) by Morse Horse 6; 1st dam Slocum mare, by Magnus Bonum.

3 dam Young Twyman mare, by Coeur de Leon (Hevis).

4 dam Old Twyman mare, (untraced).

George Dictator will make the season of 1893 at \$20 to insure a living colt.

LINCOLN 833.

My fine saddle stallion, by On Time and out of a Stonewall Jackson mare, will also make the season at the same time and place at \$10 to insure a living colt.

LE GRAND.

Black stallion, nearly 16 hands high; foaled 1886; bred by George F. Keene, Shelbyville, Ky.

Sired by Old Le Grand, (son of Washington Denmark.)

1 dam Black Silk by Yellow

W. P. WALTON.

EIGHT : PAGES.
EVERY FRIDAY.

EVERY ONE who has attended a democratic convention in Louisville in the last ten years will remember the venerable form of Ex-Gov. David A. Merrimether, who was always on hand to bid the boys God speed in the good old cause in which he had fought for so many years. Well, the old gentleman will be seen no more. He was gathered to his fathers Tuesday morning last, after an honorable career of 93 years. He was born in Louisa county, Virginia, in 1800 and moved to Kentucky when a boy. He entered political life young and for 13 terms was a member of the Legislature, once being honored with the speakership. He was a member of the constitutional convention of '49-'50 and was Territorial governor of New Mexico from 1853 to 1857. His chief claim to fame, however, was that he succeeded Henry Clay in the U. S. Senate, on the death of the great Commoner, by appointment of the governor of Kentucky. He retired from politics in 1885 and has since lived quietly and pleasantly on his farm in Jefferson county, near Louisville.

ORGANIZED labor got both its eyes blacked by decisions of the U. S. courts this week. An engineer was fined at Cleveland for contempt in refusing to pull freight from a boycotted road, the decision declaring in effect that an engineer may quit at any time in good faith, but when out on a run must complete his run. The judge holds that the Inter-State Commerce law binds the railroads to do certain things and it ought to be equally binding on their employees. The other decision, if sustained, will take from labor its most powerful weapon, the boycott. Judge Taft promptly granted an injunction restraining Chief Arthur from promulgating the boycott rule of the Brotherhood of Engineers, declaring that "if it be enforced the members enter into a criminal conspiracy against the railroad company and their organization in that case becomes illegal."

MUNICIPAL elections were held in Ohio Monday and this is the way the Enquirer headlines the result: We've got 'em again. The other fellows make a showing in spots, but the sweep of democracy is almost clean. Cleveland (not Grover) elects a democratic mayor. Columbus (not Chris) remains in the popular column. Dayton democrats sweep everything worth having. Springfield keeps to the music of democracy, and even Toledo shows an inclination to enter the light. Stenbenville republicans elect a dead man to office. Results in the various cities and towns throughout Ohio that are gratifying to democracy.

It was given out some time ago with much show of authority that Mr. Cleveland would appoint no ex-office holders and but few if any editors. Both of these rules were smashed Tuesday, when he appointed H. C. Ashton, editor of the Flemingsburg Democrat and post-master under his former administration, to the position again. This will cause hope to spring eternal in the hearts of the other ex's, of whom our friend, Bro. J. R. Marra, of the Record-Homestead, is one of which, and who of all men we trust will not be disappointed. He made Danville a capital post-master, and ought to be permitted to do so again.

CHICAGO has again demonstrated that she is democratic to the bone. Carter Harrison was elected mayor of the city for the fifth time Monday by a plurality over the allied republican and citizens' ticket, of 20,000. The entire democratic ticket was also elected by about the same plurality. The city is to be congratulated that a democrat and a Kentuckian will do the honors during the World's Fair.

THE Legislature is still hammering on a bill to reduce the salaries of circuit judges from \$5,000 to \$2,400. It had better be at more important business. The present salary is small enough for a good man, and no other kind ought ever to occupy the bench, with the fortunes and lives of men largely in their hands.

DEMOCRATS should bear in mind that to-morrow afternoon, 8th, has been fixed by the State Central Committee for the election of a committeeman in each precinct. Don't fail to go to your regular voting place and cast your vote for the best man to represent you in the party's councils.

"UNCLE JOE" ALEXANDER, who used to be so successful a hotel keeper, seems to be playing in bad luck as his days on earth dwindle in number. He has just been forced to assign again, his new venture, the Merchants' Hotel, Louisville, proving a flat failure.

With the legislature costing \$1,000 a day and the convicts \$350, bankruptcy will soon begin to stare the State in the face. The worst feature is that neither body is doing anything to assist in liquidating the outlay.

THE fact that a man can stand up in a prize ring and knock another out in so many rounds, does not make a theatrical actor of him, but managers recognizing that they are drawing cards, have very willingly given them a chance. Consequently we have had Sullivan, Corbett and such gentry at nauseam. The business ought to stop with the prize fighters, but it doesn't. Their wives, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, who think the prowess of their relatives has brought them into notice, are now seeking histrionic honors. Mrs. Corbett is the latest debutante, and but for the fact that she is the wife of the champion, would be pronounced such an utter failure that she would hardly ever appear again.

It really begins to look like Frankfort is to lose the State Capital. A large majority of the legislators interviewed have expressed themselves in favor of removal, with a nip and tuck sentiment between Louisville and Lexington. Our member, Hon. D. B. Elmiston, favors Lexington. If money talks, though, as it usually does, it will be hard to resist Louisville's million-dollar offer.

THERE is no sentimental humbuggery about our Grover. He fired Bob Lincoln last week and now Fred Grant has been made to walk the plank. He believes in the good old democratic idea that there should be no office-holding aristocracy in this country and that a man is not entitled to office simply because his daddy held one creditably.

Or the noted "306" who held out for a third term for Grant, 65 are dead. A reunion and a banquet at Washington has been arranged for the 25th and over 100 have accepted invitations to it. Col. W. O. Bradley is the only one of the band in this section and he will doubtless be present and thrill the others with his oratory.

WHEN a man writes as nicely of us as this we can afford to let him say we are 61 or any other age he chooses to name. The superannuated Blakely, of the Newport Daily Journal, prints this in a recent issue:

COL. WALTON, of that most excellent paper, the INTERIOR JOURNAL, celebrated his 61st birthday last Sunday and very gracefully tells of it in these strikingly truthful words: [Here follows the conversation with the old lady, published in last Friday's paper, which of course had no reference to the editor. No one would take him to be over 25.] Those whose pleasure it is to know the chivalrous and accomplished editor of the best all-round paper in Kentucky will at once concede that the lady was, very naturally, deceived by his youthful appearance; for, really, Walton does not look to be much more than 50, though many will be surprised to hear the admission from his own lips that he is 61. But here's to you, old man; may you live to see your 91st; and, if you are no less deserving the good will of your friends then than you are now, you ought to count yourself a happy man.

NEWSY NOTES.

—The noted Ashland House, at Lexington, has been rechristened the Hotel Reed.

—The Kansas elections show strong republican gains. The populist fever has run its course.

—The effort to increase the salaries of the judges of the Kentucky court of appeals failed, 41 to 21.

—The little town of Hinton, on the Cincinnati Southern, was nearly entirely wiped out by fire.

—Nearly the whole of the town of Clarksburg, Va., is in ashes. Two negroes were burned to death.

—A jealous negro at Cincinnati gave his mulatto wife two minutes to pray and then cut her head off with an ax.

—In a fight between Chester Cavanaugh and Frank Cobb, at Boxville, Cobb was killed and Cavanaugh was seriously wounded.

—Four ladies of a pleasure party were drowned in that beautiful body of water, Lake Ponchartrain, at New Orleans, by their boat capsizing.

—The democratic candidate for governor of Rhode Island secured a plurality, but is not elected because he did not get the required majority.

—A. R. Sutton made an assignment to the Columbia Finance and Trust Company. Fourteen thousand barrels of whisky are named in the deed, but not located.

—The Commercial Bank of Australia, with a paid-up capital of \$5,000,000, a subscribed capital of \$15,000,000 and deposits of \$50,000,000, has suspended payment and shut up shop.

—The Whitesboro warehouse of the Allen-Bradley Distillery Company was destroyed by fire at Louisville, with 12,000 barrels of whisky stored therein. The loss is approximately estimated at \$200,000, exclusive of the tax the government will lose on the whisky.

—The latest appointments are James O. Brodhead, of Missouri, Minister to Switzerland; Bartlett Trip, of South Dakota, Minister to Austria-Hungary; Eben Alexander, of North Carolina, Minister to Greece, Romania and Servia; Jas. E. Neal, of Ohio, Consul at Liverpool; J. S. Ewing, of Illinois, Minister to Belgium; T. T. Crittenden, Consul General to Mexico; Louis C. Hughes, Governor of Arizona, and W. T. Thornton, Governor of New Mexico.

—The large flouring mill of J. C. Carroll & Co., at Richmond, was consumed

by fire. Loss, \$15,000; partly insured. It is thought to have been the work of incendiaries. The night previous fire visited the same plant, but was extinguished without doing much damage. This makes six fires for Richmond within three weeks.

—Near Morganfield, while Taylor Oliver, his wife and daughter, Miss Abbie, and Henry Delany were returning home after Delany had been compelled to marry Miss Oliver, whom he had betrayed, they were fired upon by men supposed to be Delany's friends. Miss Oliver was mortally wounded and her father fatally hurt. Mrs. Oliver escaped unharmed and Delany joined the men who fired the shots. He has been arrested, together with George P. Henry, Frank Holt and George Delaney. The prisoners are likely to be lynched.

—William Edmund Curtis, of New York, to be assistant secretary of the treasury; Charles Hamlin, of Massachusetts, to be assistant secretary of the treasury; James H. Eckels, of Illinois, to be controller of the currency; James F. Meline, of the District of Columbia, to be assistant treasurer of the United States; T. Stobe Farrow, of South Carolina, to be 2d auditor of the treasury; John B. Brawley, of Pennsylvania, to be auditor of the treasury for the post-office department and James W. Willie, of Florida, to be deputy 5th auditor of the treasury, are some of the latest appointments.

DANVILLE.

—Henry Fry, "Laughing Henry," a well known colored man of Danville, is dead at Louisville.

—Judge W. E. Varnon and wife, of Stanford, were in town Wednesday. Mrs. J. K. McGoodwin has returned from Henderson.

—Mr. J. R. Russell and Miss Gertrude Pipes obtained marriage license Tuesday evening. Both belong to this county, near town.

—Rev. Cooley, of Louisville, has received a call from the Episcopal church here, which he has under consideration. He is in town and will conduct services Sunday.

—Robert Hann, of Denton, Texas, through W. S. Downton, has sold the store room on Main street, occupied by Caldwell & Lanier, to Miss May Moberly for \$8,000.

—Miss Nannie Turner, of Campbellsville, who was married to Charles R. Long, of Louisville, Wednesday, has been a frequent visitor to her cousin, Mrs. James H. Gentry, of Danville.

—W. H. Hicks, who removed his wagon shop to Bargain some months ago, is back again and occupies his old stand on Walnut street near the Christian church. Bill didn't like the edifice monarchical institutions of Mercer county.

—Mr. W. F. Davis left Tuesday for Galveston, near which growing city he has valuable lands. Judge McFerran was in Liberty this week on legal business. Rev. J. W. Lynch left Tuesday for Williamsburg, where he will join Rev. Green Clay Smith and others of a fishing party.

—Dr. Fayette Dunlap, surgeon for the C. S. railway, was called to Burgin Wednesday to attend James Shropshire, an esteemed employe of the road, who had his arm broken by a protruding timber on a passing train. After Dr. Dunlap's visit Shropshire was sent by the next passenger train to Junction City, near which place his family live on the farm of W. E. McAfee.

—Rev. Hawkins, of Paris, is holding a revival at the Green street colored Baptist church. Wednesday night he walked down the aisle during services and invited all sinners to come to salvation. Miss Georgia Allen was one of the congregation and so resented the imputation of being a sinner that she got awfully mad and threatened to whack the parson over the head with her umbrella. She said she did not intend to be insulted by any such a blank-blank yellow son of a blank. Georgia has been summoned before the police court and will no doubt be punished severely.

—A colored young man giving the name of Wm. Garfield and a fortune-teller by profession, died at Willis Mason's home on Green street Monday evening, and was buried in the colored cemetery Tuesday. Garfield probably died of consumption, as he was much emaciated and had a cough. He said he had recently been at Stanford and showed papers to prove that he was a genuine and no mistake fortune teller. He had wandered to a negro house near Mock's distillery and had been turned out Sunday on the road to die, when George Doneghy, a kind hearted man of his own color, took him into his wagon and brought him to town. He was from 25 to 30 years old and said his home was in Indiana.

—The board of council met Tuesday night and elected Alex. Anderson, judge; C. C. Fox, attorney; F. N. Lee, clerk; B. J. Durham, treasurer; John A. Heron, assessor; G. T. Helm, chief of police. H. W. French and J. R. Moore were appointed night watchmen. Some surprise is felt over the defeat of Mr. J. R. Dodds for assessor, as he received the nomination at the hands of the democratic caucus a few days ago, which it was generally understood, entitled him to the 8 democratic votes in the council, which stands 8 democrats to four republicans. Three ballots were taken in this contest Tuesday night, the last one standing 7 to 5 in favor of Mr. Heron. A committee of councilmen was appointed to invite

PRICES AT

The Louisville Store

THAT

Can Not Be Matched.

TREMENDOUS LOT OF

BARGAINS FOR THIS WEEK!

Our Dress Goods Department is complete.

EVERYTHING NEW

And striking. Gingham, Mulls, Lawns and a big line of all wool Dress Goods in all the new shades at the lowest prices. In Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods

WE TAKE THE LEAD.

Our Shoe stock is unsurpassed. Come and examine our Carpets, Matting, Rugs and Lace Curtains at

THE LOUISVILLE STORE.

the Capital removal committee here, to extend to them our best courtesies and make every effort to have the State Capitol located in Danville.

—C. P. Hicks, formerly of Sugar Creek, is the guardian of two gray kittens, whom he adopted after their mother deserted them five or six weeks ago. They stayed in his room in the third story over Rowland's shoe store and had the roof of the two story building adjoining and eastward for a playground. They enjoyed good health and progressed gradually towards adulthood until about two weeks ago, when one night as Mr. Hicks was seated in his room, he noticed that one of his wards had become very much excited. It looked around wildly for a moment and then ran across the room three or four times like a race horse, winding up by bolting against the wall and falling it seemed in a dying condition. It did not die, however, but lay four or five days perfectly helpless, except that it could raise its head and eat. Its body and limbs seemed paralyzed. After four or five days it gradually recovered and then one night the other kitten "was taken" the same way and now lies as the other did, unable to move any part of its body but its head and neck. The kind hearted guardian has done all that he could for his pets and even went to the country and gathered a bunch of cat nip for them, as he had learned that cat nip would cure all manner of cat-astrophies connected with cats. But time as well as cat nip seems necessary and time only will tell whether the second patient is to recover or not.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—Rev. J. H. Hunn will preach at Rowland Sunday April 9 at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

—The Williamsburg Times says that the meanest man in Whitley county is a Baptist preacher.

—The American Bible Association intend to distribute free a quarter or a million copies of the Bible during the World's Fair.

—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States will convene at Macon, Ga., in the First Presbyterian church, May 18th.

—The board of directors has been named and \$150,000 subscribed for the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and it is expected that it will be ready to open this fall.

—Rev. R. D. Harding, of Somerset, and Rev. W. E. Ellis will exchange pulpits Sunday, and the latter hopes that a full congregation will turn out at his church here to greet the visitor.

—It is reported from Washington that President Cleveland has decided to appoint Judge Wm. Lochren, of Minneapolis, Minn., commissioner of pensions.

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I Have Purchased of
W. H. Higgins.

His entire interest in the

GROCERY

—And—

HARDWARE

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, &C.,

And ask a continuance of the patronage extended the firm of Higgins & VanArsdale, and will make it to the interest of others to trade with me. The books and accounts have been transferred to me and I will continue the latter with all who desire.

Clothing, Boots and Shoes will be sold regardless of cost to close out stock.

J. K. VAN ARSDALE

GARDEN TOOLS,

Of Every Description,

New York Seed Potatoes,

D. M. Ferry's Garden Seed in bulk and package. All new seed.

McKINNEY BROS.

BUY THE CELEBRATED

VULCAN Chilled Plow.

Every One Warranted.

Olive Points, three for \$1.

W. H. WEAREN & CO.

H. & C. RUPLEY,

Merchant Tailor.

Is Receiving His

SPRING : AND : SUMMER : GOODS.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call.

PERSONAL POINTS.

MISS MOLLIE DAUGHERTY has returned from Louisville.
MR. AND MRS. H. S. WITHERS went to Louisville Wednesday.
MR. E. H. JONES, the Pineville merchant, spent several days here.
MR. W. O. GOODLOW, of Danville, was here on legal business yesterday.
MRS. JAMES CARSON, of Crab Orchard, is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Ramsey.
MISS MINNA PHELPS, of Madison, is the guest of Miss Mary McKinney.
FRANK JONES presented his sister, Miss Rose, with a beautiful phonograph for an Easter gift.
MR. S. C. LACKY, after a pleasant stay of six weeks with relatives and friends, returned to Atlanta Wednesday.
MISS MAGGIE BUCHANAN, who has been with her sister, Mrs. John A. Haldeman, in Louisville, since Christmas, returned to Crab Orchard yesterday.
MISS MAMIE LYNN, Ella May Saunders and Alice Lynn and Messrs. C. E. Tate, Walter Saunders and C. H. Holmes will attend the Collegiate oratorical contest in Lexington to-night.
GEN. JOHN S. WILLIAMS was meeting Miss Mary Varnon, of Stanford, at Winchester depot without recognizing her and exclaimed: "Oh, I am glad colonel reminded me. Your father, Judge Varnon, was my best man at my first wedding, we being then, in 1845, young lawyers at Paris. My first marriage took place on the farm here in Clark, where my daughter, Mrs. Holloway, now lives." Gen. Williams remarked that he married two of the handsomest and brightest women in Kentucky.—Col. Craddock in Paris Kentuckian.

CITY AND VICINITY.

NOVELTIES at Danks, the Jeweler's.
ORION sets and garden seeds at A. A. Warren's.
GARDEN seeds of all kinds at W. H. Wearen & Co's.
LOT of shade trees for sale. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster.
STRAWBERRIES, radishes, lettuce and fish at H. Hampton's to-day.
NICK light spring shoes at greatly reduced prices at T. J. Hatcher's, Yeagers' Stable.
BUY your seed Irish potatoes of W. H. Wearen & Co., and get the best at the lowest price.
WE have received a full stock of Butterick's Patterns. Any pattern sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of catalogue price. Severance Son.
NEW CRAIG and J. D. Walls have opened a store-room on Lancaster street for the purchase of country produce. See their ad. and patronize them.
IT is especially urged that each member of the fire company be present at the meeting on Wednesday night, 12th. Important business is to be transacted.

"The Reign of the Demagogue," said to be the best of John Temple Graves, lectures, will complete the course next Monday night. If you haven't a ticket already secure one and you will be amply repaid.

OPENING.—The ladies are invited to attend my summer opening of millinery, which will be found to be unusually large and comprehensive, next Friday and Saturday, April 7 and 8. Miss Mary Davies Dudderar.

THE Stanford Circulating Library, with 25 paid-up shares, is now open to the stockholders, each of whom can get a book for each share and keep it not exceeding two weeks. W. S. Burch is librarian and the library is in Judge Alton's office.

A MONSTROSITY.—J. H. Gainer says that one of a litter of five pigs on his farm was eight feet long, had the face of a human and with the exception of four legs, looked like a snake. It lived only a short time, but it has been preserved in alcohol for examination.

A army of 100 men and many wagons passed through here from Casey Tuesday, bound for the mountains to peck bark. The men were orderly here, but at McKinney they are said to have batted up on red-eye and to have had a general fight among themselves, in which one or two was badly hurt.

A SLIDING SCALE.—On the morning after the cyclone Mr. Stephens, of the firm of Stephens & Knox, Rowland, was confident that their loss was \$5,000. A week later they figured it at \$1,500 and now they find that it is less than \$500. They have disposed of all of their damaged goods and are nearly straight again. Give them a call.

NEXT Monday will be county court and annual horse show day. A tremendous crowd will be in town to see the finest display of horse flesh that has ever been made here. Our horse columns indicate that the business is vastly increasing in this section. We have almost double as many advertisements of horses as we had at this time last year and still there's more to follow.

BOARDERS, with or without rooms, wanted. Mrs. Rannie Burks.

EGGS.—Light Brahma and Buff Cochins eggs for sale. E. B. Caldwell, Stanford.

ALAS and alack! The circus will not come to Stanford as proposed, but will pitch its tents at Junction City instead, on the 20th.

THE bright sunshine and April showers are bringing forth May flowers in advance of the time. The weather has been such as to make vegetation hump itself, and you can almost see the leaves and grass grow. "Fair and warmer Friday" is the forecast of the signal service.

THE new fence around the Christian church can not be called a thing of beauty. It is decidedly un-ornamental, though it may be useful in hitching horses. A post-and-rail fence in the center of town is calculated to give that provincial appearance most of us try to avoid.

THE Advocate takes the pains to tell its constituency that the eclipse of the sun will be visible in all parts of Boyle and that it will not be necessary for the people to journey to Danville to see it, as they did a few years ago, under the impression that it could be seen nowhere else.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has secured the right to build a hall over the store room being built by Mr. Isaac Hamilton for Stephens & Knox and are going to fit up a fine one. It will be 60x25, with 12-foot ceiling. They have long needed such a room for the meetings of the order.

No such stock of goods was ever shown in our city as we now have open and ready for your inspection. Dress goods in every grade and weave; trimmings to match and notions in great variety. Shoes in all grades. In carpets, oil cloths and matings we have an immense stock. Come and see. Severance & Son.

MR. A. K. DENNY, applicant for collector, says that Gov. McCreary told him that he had not decided which of the 19 applicants for the position he would recommend. Mr. Denny added he is hopeful that he will be accorded the honor, but that he is not sanguine of it. Among the other pilgrims to the Mecca this week are Judge W. E. Varnon, G. B. Cooper, etc., and so on.

OWING to the difficulty of making collections, the Pennington Bros. at Milledshoro have assigned. Squire T. M. Pennington, father of the boys, who came down the other day, says that the liabilities are less than \$1,000, with assets much more than sufficient to meet them. A little time was all that was wanted and he thinks they will soon be on their feet again.

DEATH.—James Daugherty, the well-known blacksmith, died at McKinney Tuesday, aged 69. He was a widower for the second time and the three children that he leaves are all grown. The old man has had a hard struggle for years to keep the wolf from his door, consequently he was unable to keep his dues paid up with the Odd Fellows and he was dropped from the membership, but the lodge here generously donated \$25 towards his burial expenses. The remains were interred in Buffalo Cemetery, Wednesday afternoon, after a short service there by Rev. A. V. Sizemore.

ONE of the most amusing tricks ever played on a young man in this town of trick-playing was worked on a guileless youth Tuesday night. He had heard a gentleman say to his sweetheart, "I'll meet you at the same place Tuesday night," the same place being a settee on the front verandah, but in his blind jealousy they thought that it meant some clandestine business and he resolved to sift the matter to the bottom. He related his tale of woe to a friend and that friend promised to help him out. The friend came for him at the proper time Tuesday night and together they went to the scene, where horror of horrors! there sat, in the garden, his true love by the side of his rival, whose arm was gently entwined around her yielding form. The girl (?) was saying, "Oh, dearest, I am not worthy of such blind devotion," when the y. m., unable to restrain himself, flushed the game. The man in the case, with a hot "What do you mean, sir?" drew his pistol and fired it, the y. m. thought right between his eyes. He took to his heels, rushed into another party, who claimed to be out after robbers, and who gave him a pistol salute, and ran into a cow, which he badly disabled, finally getting back to town with his eyes hanging out on his cheeks, his tongue protruding and his breath nearly gone. Another funny part of it was the "friend," who led him to the slaughter, came across the man of the place, as he thought by his remarks, and he too incontinently fled as several bullets whistled past his ears. It was a clear case of a biter getting bit and he is not enjoying the joke much more than the other sucker, who shall be nameless here forevermore. The man who played the "girl" in the case is a strawberry blonde, whose light moustache was not observable in the gloaming, even if the youth had been less excited. He, we mean the "girl," was attired in a beautiful Mother Hubbard and acted his part very naturally, even to fainting when the pistol was fired.

P. S.—The y. m. says he was onto the first business and was only caught by the robbery scheme.

FOR RENT.—Two rooms over Severance & Son's store, cheap. Apply to W. N. Craig, or Dr. Steele Bailey.

THERE were six contestants for the honor of representing Public Park Academy at the declamatory contest at Harrodsburg June 9th—John Lynn, Jas. James Menefee, Thomas Shanks, Apperson Nevius, Wm. Darst and James Sanfley. The judges were Messrs. W. G. Welch, J. B. Paxton, W. E. Grinstead and John Bell Gibson. All the boys acquitted themselves well, but it was the unanimous decision of the judges that James Sanfley was entitled to the coveted honor and he was accordingly chosen.

THERE is a treat in store for the lovers of chaste and elegant music. Dewey Heywood's New York Stars, a superb organization of European and American artists, have contracted to give an entertainment at Walton's Opera House May 1. Of the merits of the individual performers we shall have more to say later. Suffice it now that it is highly recommended by the press and people, who claim that it is first-class in every respect. To secure them the manager had to put up a heavy guarantee, but he believes that such a troupe will be liberally patronized. The admission will be \$1.

WHEN Joe Munday was preaching prohibition in bad English here a few years ago, some of the good ladies who allowed their enthusiasm to get away with their judgment, would have been glad to have seen the editor of this paper hung for daring to criticize him and suggesting that he was a very huge fraud. This too in the face of the fact that we had been with them a number of years and had always deported ourselves with passable decorum. Well, we are here yet and doing business at the same old stand; while Munday has since more than proved that we "diagnosed" him correctly. Drunkenness, wife-beating and other offenses have been charged to him and now it is reported that he is in jail at Kissimmee, Fla., for cruelly beating his child. If our good lady friends will permit it, we will suggest this moral: Never go back on old and tried friends to take up with a stranger, no matter how plausible he is, until you are pretty certain from reasonable endorsements that he is all right.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Wm. M. Durham, a widower of 31, and Miss Fannie J. Kidd, were married yesterday at Mr. D. J. Kidd's, in the O. K. neighborhood.

—Robert Stapleton and Miss Laura Parker, both of the East End, were married at the groom's father's, Isaac Stapleton, yesterday.

—C. R. Long, president of the Louisville water works, was married to Miss Nannie Turner, of Campbellsville, Wednesday. The groom came up in a special Pullman car, in which they will take a three-weeks' tour of the East.

—Mr. T. D. Martin, town marshal of Rowland, was married Wednesday to Mrs. Nannie Mahan, a widow of 29, also a resident of Rowland. The ceremony was performed at the groom's home and it is hoped that the union will prove a happy one in every sense of the word. This is Mr. Martin's fourth marriage.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

—Mrs. I. M. Bruce received a dispatch yesterday that her sister, Mrs. Kittie M., wife of John T. Lynn, of Louisville, died at 10 o'clock A. M. She had been ill nearly a year of consumption and the end had been expected for some time. Fully aware of her condition, she spoke resignedly of her death and assured her weeping relatives that God, Who had been her hope in health, was sustaining her in sickness and making her dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are. Seven years ago she professed religion and joined the Presbyterian church, and her lovely Christian life has since been as a lamp to her friends. She was the eldest daughter of the late James M. Wray and Mrs. Mary Wray, the latter with three sisters surviving her. In 1888 she was led to the altar a happy bride by the man who is now crushed with a grief that no one can imagine until he has been called to pass under the rod. May the Lord sustain him, the mother, sisters and her little girl, is the prayer of many sympathizing friends. The remains will arrive on the 2 P. M. to-day and probably be buried during the afternoon, though at the hour this was written no definite arrangements for the interment had been made.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—W. W. Hays bought of T. D. Neal a mare for \$130.

—J. S. Bosley sold to Robert Russell two 1,000 pound cows at \$3.

—W. L. McCarty bought of William White of Madison, a jack for \$450.

—WANTED.—Horses to break and handle. Horses also taken on commission. W. W. Hays.

—J. F. Cook has bought a half interest in Charley Sandidge and he and E. D. Kennedy will stand him this season. See ad.

—The assignee of J. S. Hawkins & Co., of Jessamine, has sold to a Chattanooga firm 35,000 bushels of wheat at 60 cents on the cars at Burgin.

—The two splendid combined horses, Messenger Denmark, on Time, and Frank, a Denmark horse, the property of Mr. J. T. Hackley will be here on exhibition Monday.

—F. J. Jones has 80 acres of land and a fine house at Preachersville for sale. Address him there.

—Hon. G. A. Lackey sold to Dr. J. M. Rogers, of Bloomington, Ind., his chestnut sorrel mare for \$300.

—Wool.—I want to buy 100,000 lbs. or more of wool. Will pay highest market price. A. T. Nunneley.

—Spring lambs are already declining in the Cincinnati market. They were quoted yesterday at 7 1/2 to 11c.

—The Arkansas Derby, 1 1/2 miles, was won by Cushing and Orth's Boundless in 1:58, Scroggan Bros' Buck McCann 2d.

—Gus Straus, of Lexington, has purchased Katrina for \$5,200. She is with foal to Iroquois and will be bred to Long-fellow.

—WOOL WANTED.—Bring me your wool and get the highest market price. I want it and will buy it if you will give me an opportunity. Wm. Moreland, Stanford, Ky.

—M. F. Elkin bought of Camenisch Bros. a lot of stall fed heifers at 3 1/2c, of Ottenheim parties a lot of butcher stuff at 3c and of John Cash a lot of butcher stuff at 3 1/2c. He also bought of various parties a lot at 2 1/2 to 3 1/2c.

—The Kelly-Moon land near Big Stone Gap, 1,400 acres, was sold at Commissioner's sale to John C. Haskell agent, for \$75,900. Only about 444 acres carry the Imboden seam of coking coal, which makes the actual price of the coal land \$172 an acre. The remainder of the land is level, affording sites for buildings and coke ovens.

—A complicated suit has been filed in the Circuit Court at Lexington for the possession of the celebrated pacer, Victor Mazzone. The colt was owned by Herman Duhme, who contracted to give Trainer Wm. Boyce one-fourth interest for the colt's training and keep. Capt. Boyce's driver, John R. Farris, drove the colt to his half mile record off 1:05 1/2 and claims that Boyce agreed to give him one-third of his one-fourth interest in Victor Mazzone if he would handle him. Boyce and Farris disagreed in their settlement and Farris took the horse and put him under lock and key and the suit has been brought to give the real owner possession.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

House and lot containing one acre on Danville Turnpike near toll-gate, also a piano and a cow and calf.

R. C. ENGLEMAN, JR., Stanford, Ky.

Country Produce.

We will pay cash for country produce of every kind at our store-room on Lancaster Avenue. We also will run our wagon regular every week to collect same in the country.

CRAIG & WALLS.

THE P. O. MILLINERY.

Call at the post-office room and see the

Largest and Best Selected Stock

Of Millinery in town. The goods and prices are bound to please you.

MRS. P. T. COURTS.

The People of Stanford AND LINCOLN COUNTY.

Thanking you for your liberal patronage for ice last season, I respectfully request its continuance during the coming season. Indeed I expect all to use the

MANUFACTURED ICE,

For these reasons: First, it is made by a home institution. Second, the ice is absolutely and chemically pure, being made from spring water, which is first distilled and then carefully filtered before being frozen. Third, Artificial Ice will last much longer than pond ice. Fourth, an epidemic of cholera is looked for during the year and nothing is so apt to produce or spread this disease as impure water or ice. Fifth, it will be

Delivered Regularly and Punctually to your Doors

Every morning at the following Prices:
For 100 pounds or over.....40c per hundred.
For 50 pounds to 100.....45c per hundred.
For 10 to 50 pounds.....50c per hundred.
No less than 10 pounds delivered.
[10] E. BREMER.

MILLINERY.

I have returned from the cities with a nice line of Millinery which I will sell for a small profit. Goods left over, as fresh as this season's goods, from last season, I will sell at

COST FOR CASH ONLY.

The reason I do this is to reduce my stock of goods so I will be able to sell out my business at the first opportunity.
I cordially invite the ladies to call and examine my goods. I also solicit a share of their patronage.
MRS. I. M. BRUCE, Stanford, Ky.

New Millinery.

My mother, Mrs. Kate Dudderar, has just returned from the cities with an elegant line of millinery, embracing

ALL THE NOVELTIES

Of the season, of which she will have full control. She also engaged a

FIRST-CLASS DRESS MAKER.

Mrs. W. T. Beard, who cuts by the only Parisian Scientific Tailor System in the United States, including the Seamstress Garments in Basque, Princess Dresses and Waists, also Latest Fads in Skirts and Wraps. Call and examine my stock of Millinery before buying and leave your order for your dresses. Thanking you for past favors we solicit same
MARY DAVIS DUDDERAR.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
Wall : Paper!
All new stock and latest designs.
A. R. PENNY.

GENUINE
BARGAIN : GIVERS!!
That's what we are—the Great Bargain House; and if you will examine our salesbook you will see some people think so. Here is the
PROOF.
A splendid coarse Shoe for men at \$1 and the best Congress and lace Shoe ever offered at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75. A splendid boys' two-piece Suit \$1.50 and up to \$10. Men's Suits beginning at \$4 and running up to \$20. A large line of Neglige and white Shirts 25c up to \$1.25. White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs and
ALL OF THE NOVELTIES
In Dress Goods, Domestic and French Ginghams, Pine Apple Cloths, Canton Cloths, Satteens, &c. If you would dress well come to our house for everything to wear, and if you would buy the cheapest Carpet you ever had in Cotton, Cotton Chain, all wool Supers, Tapestry and Brussels, Body Brussels, Wilton Velvets and Moquettes you must come to
HUGHES & TATE.

Stanford Female College.
J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.
Spring Session Tuesday, January 24th, 1893.
Full corps of Conservatory and Normal School teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent boarding department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

The Cash Bargain Store
Is now prepared to exhibit to the Ladies a choice and elegant assortment of
DRESS - GOODS
We make this announcement that all may avail themselves of the opportunity of selecting their goods for
THE SPRING SEASON,
And the Spring in time, and as extra inducement for you to come early, we have marked our goods at such Low Prices as will cause you to wonder how such fine quality of goods can be sold on so small a margin. Call and see us, compare these Goods and Prices with anything you can find and we feel satisfied we can please you and save you money.
B. F. JONES & SON.

A. C. SINE J. N. MENEFFEE
SINE & MENEFFEE,
Proprietors of The
Stanford Lumber Yard,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.
Our facilities for giving the greatest values for the least outlay, are unsurpassed.
We Carry a Full Line of Builders' Supplies.

WHITELEY
BINDERS & MOWERS
—AND—
THE O'BRIEN WAGONS.
THE BEST MADE.
FARRIS & HARDIN.

R. ZIMMER
—Dealer In—
Fancy Groceries, Fruits
—And—
Confectioneries.
Baker's Bread Always on Hand

W. P. WALTON.

Commercial Hotel,
McKINNEY, KY.

I have bought above mentioned Hotel at McKinney and have attached a

First-Class Bar and Pool Room.

Have repaired and refurbished the Hotel and am better than ever

Prepared to Accommodate the Public.

Special attention to Commercial Men.
P. W. GREEN, Proprietor.
JOE CARSON, Manager.

...IF YOU ARE GOING...

NORTH OR WEST,
THE

Is the line for you, as its

Double Daily Trains

Make close connections at
LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

For all points.
THROUGH TICKETS SOLD.
BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH

For any information acquire of
JOE S. RICE, Agent,
Stanford, Ky.
Or
W. W. PENN, Trav. Pass. Agent,
Junction City, Ky.

N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.

Schedule Dec. 15, 1892.

LEAVE NORFOLK DAILY
7:00 a. m. for Graham, Bluefield, Pocahontas
and all stations Flat Top and Pocahontas Divisions.

12:00 noon, for Bluefield, Radford, Roanoke,
Lynchburg, Richmond and Norfolk. Also (via
Roanoke) for Washington, Hagerstown, Harris-
burg, Philadelphia and New York.
Pullman Sleeping Cars from Lou-
ville via Norfolk and Radford; also Radford to
New York, via Shenandoah Junction, also R.
ford to Washington; also from Lynchburg to R.
mond.

Trains for Pocahontas, Powhatan and Good-
will leave Bluefield daily at 6 to 10 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m.,
and 5 to 8 p. m.
Leave Bluefield 6 to 10 a. m. daily for Kenova and
Columbus, O. Arrive Columbus 9 to 11 p. m.
Additional trains for Welch and Fort Mifflin
stations on Elk River leave Bluefield 1 to 5 p. m. and
5 to 8 p. m. daily.

Trains arrive at Norfolk from the East daily at
11 to 40 p. m. and 5 to 8 p. m.
For further information as to schedules, rates,
etc., apply to agents of Norfolk & Western Rail-
road or to
W. B. BEVILL,
Gen. Pass. Agt. Roanoke, Va.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO
RAILWAY.

Washington, Philadelphia
Baltimore, New York,

And all other Eastern Cities.
Shortest Line between Louisville, Lexington, and
Eastern Points.

IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1892.

EAST BOUND. Lvs. Lexington
Atlantic Express No. 21, daily..... 7:10 a.m.
Midland Accommodation No. 25, ex. Sun., 11:40 a.m.
Vestibule Express No. 34, daily..... 6:10 p.m.
Mt. Sterling Express, No. 25, ex. Sun. 5:25 p.m.

WEST BOUND. Arr. Lexington:
Lexington Accom. No. 27, ex. Sun. 7:55 a.m.
Louisville Express No. 21, daily..... 12:40 p.m.
Lexington Accom. No. 25, ex. Sun. 1:10 p.m.
Vestibule Express No. 34, daily..... 6:10 p.m.

Solid Vestibule Trains with Dining Cars. No
bus transfers.
Through Sleepers from Lexington without
change.
H. W. FULLER, C. B. RYAN,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Washington, D. C., Cincinnati.



Twenty mile the Shortest to

CINCINNATI,

St. Louis, Michigan Points, Chicago,
Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo,
Indianapolis and the West,
Canada, New England,

New York, Boston,

Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia,
Quickest time to Harrodsburg, Frankfort, Ky.
Richmond, VIRGINIA. Shortest and
Quickest line to

NEW ORLEANS.

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS thro' with
out change via Chattanooga, Birmingham, Meri-
dian, making direct connections en route for Knox-
ville, Asheville, Lynchburg and points in the

CAROLINAS,

At Chattanooga for Atlanta, Columbus, Wilming-
ton, Charleston, Augusta, Macon, Savannah,
Brunswick, Lake City, Thomasville and FLORIDA
points.

The only line running solid Vestibule trains with
Pullman Round or Palace Sleeping Cars to St.
Augustine without change for any class of pas-
sengers or baggage.
Selma and Montgomery, Huntsville, Decatur,
Florence, Memphis and ARKANSAS points.
Shortest and quickest to Ansonia, Selma, Mo-
bile. Direct connections made at NEW OR-
LEANS without omnibus transfer for Galveston,
Houston, Austin.

TEXAS, MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

The only through line to Jackson and Vicksburg
Miss., Shreveport, La., making direct connections
without omnibus transfer for Dallas, Fort Worth,
Austin, San Antonio, El Paso and points in

TEXAS, ARIZONA, MEXICO, CALIFORNIA.

For through rates, correct county maps and in-
formation call on Agent at Junction City, Ky.
or address
W. D. COZATT,
Trav. Pass. Agt., Junction City, Ky.
D. MILLER, D. G. EDWARDS,
Traffic Manager, Cincinnati.

ASSAULTED BY GHOSTS**A Mountaineer's Rough Treat-
ment in a Haunted Cabin.****SPIRITS IN AN ILLICIT STILL.**

**A Local Blacksmith Visits the Cabin on a
Wager and Is Severely Maltreated by In-
visible Assaultants—A Tale of Mystery and
Moonshine.**

The mountaineers in the vicinity of Rone-
verte in Greenbrier county, W. Va., have
been having considerable excitement lately
over the doings of some "spooks" in and
about a ruined cabin up among the peaks
of "Snowden ridge," as the backbone of the
mountain range is called by the inhabitants
there. The cabin has borne a bad reputa-
tion for the past 30 years, the mountain
people declaring it to be haunted and avoid-
ing it as much as possible. Old Anderson
Crowe, a notorious moonshiner of antebel-
lum days, once occupied it and was found
dead one day, lying across its doorway with
a bullet in his forehead.

Crowe's ghost was supposed for long years
after his murder to haunt the cabin and to
make life unendurable for any one who
ventured within a mile of it, but the old
story had nearly died out when it was re-
vived recently by the narration of some re-
markably unpleasant and gruesome expe-
riences by various travelers through the
mountains. No two of the stories appear to
agree as to the details of what took place,
but all of them tell of the mysterious ap-
pearance and unexplainable disappearance
of a man and a dog, sometimes one, some-
times the other, and sometimes both.

Every night the cabin is illuminated with
blue flames, which are declared to cast no
shadow, and inside can be seen strange fig-
ures of men, and occasionally that of the
dog, which leaps up and down, howling
frightfully, says a correspondent of The
Times of Philadelphia. Many people have
tried to follow the dog and have seen it ap-
parently come upon a trail of blood, in fol-
lowing which it soon distanced its pursuers,
leaving them wandering about the moun-
tain side in the darkness.

The figures seen in the cabin are very in-
distinct and have only been made out to
those of men dressed in rough mountaineer
attire, though some declare they have seen
the glitter of a uniform or two among
them. Several nights the crowds collected
in front of the old structure have had show-
ers of stones hurled at them by no ungen-
tle hands, and curiosity seekers have in a
good many instances gone home with lumps
on their heads, black eyes, broken or bent
noses and various contusions on the body.

The local blacksmith, one Juff Wither-
spoon, who boasts he fears neither ghost
nor man, recently made a wager, including
his anvil and tools, that he would not only
enter the cabin, but that he would remain
there for one hour by the watch. With-
erspoon, armed with a trusty 6-shooter load-
ed by himself and not "monkeyed with by
no chap as was getting up this here busi-
ness," as he put it, and a well trained,
powerful bulldog, walked resolutely into
the ruined, weather shattered hut and
found to his amazement that the interior
was entirely dark, though he had but that
instant left outdoors where the whole had
seemed as bright as day, and, as he after-
ward learned, was still so to the lookers on.



A GIANTIC HAND REACHED OUT.

He seated himself on what had once been
the hearth, and scraping together a few
chips soon had a fire, when he was amazed
to see three men enter in ragged clothes,
unkempt heads, whose faces had the hor-
rid, swollen, pasty appearance of those long
dead. These did not seem to notice him at
all, but presently there appeared at the feet
of the ghostly trio another man better
dressed in what seemed the remains of a
uniform all stained and blackened with
blood, and about this man's neck was a
rope tied so tightly as to almost sever the
head from the body. Upon this the dog
precipitated itself, and the first three ap-
pearitions, falling upon the dog and its dead
master, attempted to tear them apart.
This only served to dismember themselves,
until there was a pile of dead, swollen
limbs, decapitated heads, etc., left at With-
erspoon's feet.

At this point in the blacksmith's narra-
tive there is a pause, and he says there had
occurred before his eyes what he could not
relate and keep his mind. After this was
over and while he sat there sick and dis-
gusted unto fainting he saw his dog rise up
from the heap in which he had laid and
throw himself at an invisible something in
the room, when a gigantic hand, covered
with long, coarse hair like that of a chim-
panzee, reached out of the invisibility that
surrounded it and seized the bulldog by the
neck and threw it with the ease of a man
hurling a pebble against the wall.

The poor animal fell with a single cry,
and, as was afterward ascertained, every
bone in its body was broken. After this
Witherspoon's fire went out, and he was
assaulted by a number of things in such a
manner that he soon lost consciousness.
Opening his eyes at last, he found himself
in the fresh air surrounded by his friends,
but too much bruised and exhausted to
speak for hours. His body, from the crown
of his head to the soles of his feet, was one
mass of blue and purple marks, where large,
fierce fingers had pinched and gouged his
flesh. If he won his wager, it was only be-
cause he had been unable to leave the cabin
at the end of the hour and was finally
hurled out by unseen hands, followed by
his dead dog and revolver, the latter bent
into an iron ring, a feat beyond the strength
of human beings.

These narratives are heard from every
one's lips. Whether they are simply the
result of some undertaking to frighten
the mountaineers away from the vicinity
of the old still, which is a secret to this
day, and where it is contemplated run-
ning another, it is impossible to say.

HIS MOAN.

She will "recite!" Her voice, I own,
Is music's most entrancing tone;
And if she speak or if she sing
'Tis like an angel's whispering
Meant for one listening heart alone.
Her lips, the sweetest ever known,
By tiny milk white pearls are sown;
But, ah, what grief those lips can bring—
She will "recite!"

Her slender waist is beauty's zone—
No truer eyes on man e'er shone,
So fair, so fond, so dear a thing,
Alas, alas, she has her sting!
To all the world I make my moan—
She will "recite!"
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Club.

She Was Too Mean.

I was amused at the conversation between
two young girls at the other evening.
It ran something like this and shows that
femininity is the same the world over:
"My, Carrie, what a lovely hat you have!"
"Do you think so?" with a pleased smile.
"Why, I think it is just horrid. I've told
mamma every time I put it on that I would
never wear it again."

"Why, I think it is the most becoming
thing you ever wore."

"Do you? Now, I think that veil you
have got is the most bewitching thing I
ever saw. If I had your style!"

"Now, how mean you are!" blushing.
"I know you are making fun of me."

"Indeed I am not," indignantly. "Oh,
where did you get that lovely pin? I think
it is the prettiest thing I have ever seen."

"Well, I will tell you. Charlie gave it to
me—but you must never, never tell. I told
mamma that Ella B— gave it to me, for
she doesn't believe in me having a fellow,
you know."

"How mean! I think your Charlie is the
sweetest fellow I ever saw, with the excep-
tion of my Fred. You know that Charlie
squints, and?"

"Why, Charlie does, and?"
"Well, if he does squint, he hasn't got
red hair. If my fellow had hair as red as
your Fred has, I—"

"Well," indignantly, "if he has got red
hair, he doesn't have to carry a telescope, or
a compass, or a fieldglass, or a sextant to
find out where he is at. Charlie went down
by the electric light works at Little Falls
the other night. He heard the engine in
the works puffing away. Being nearsight-
ed, he couldn't see where he was. He was
found there standing patiently in the morn-
ing, and a switchman noticed him and went
up to him and asked him what he was do-
ing there. 'Waiting for the train to go by,'
he said, pointing to the electric light works."

"Oh, you mean thing! You just made
that up out of whole cloth. Anyway your
Fred is accused of setting fire to the build-
ings destroyed in Little Falls. I heard that
he laid down in the hay at the Rockton
barn, and his hair set fire!"

As there was a strong prospect of a fight
right at this point the observer got away
from the scene as quickly as possible.—Lit-
tle Falls Budget.

New Attraction.

"Well, what is it?" asked the judge.
"It's just this way," explained the caller
who had dropped in before the opening of
the court. "You see, I am boss of the dime
museum round the corner here, and I have
been havin' the fat woman and the living
skeleton git married so often that it has be-
come what the prof calls a frost—a chest-
nut. See? Now, I've been thinkin' that a di-
vorce suit would be about the proper thing
to ketch the jaspers, and I called to see if I
could git you to hold court for de trial in
my place. I think I kin let you in fer 20 per
cent of de gate money. Is it a go?"—In-
dianapolis Journal.

The Wretch.

Mrs. Freshley—Is this all you are going
to give me for my birthday? Why, Mr.
Popley gave his wife a diamond necklace.
Mr. Freshley (hesitating)—So would I if
she were my wife.—Truth.

A Warning Voice.

"Claribel," called out the old gentleman
in a loud, rasping and emphatic voice from
the head of the stairway at 11:30 p. m., "you
tell that slick haired, tallow faced, spider
legged dude in the parlor there to take his
No. 6 hat and walk off, and if he ever comes
here again, by jocks, I'll kick him clear up
through his necktie!"

"Alfred," murmured the young woman
pensively, "something seems to tell me we
had better part."—Chicago Tribune.

A Test of Merit.

A pretty young girl was corrected one day
for not tapping her foot on the floor.
While an orchestra played, and the pretty
girl looked
At the speaker and thought him a bore.
"I can't understand why people object;
'Tis justified sure on the whole,
For what earthly good is the music I hear
Unless it appeals to my sole?"
—Boston Budget.

Who Had It?

Johnson—You ought to be careful about
leaving your watch on your desk, old man.
Sampson—Why, don't you think it would
be safe if I forgot it?
Johnson—I doubt it. The other day I
left mine, and the next morning I had to
ask the janitor what time it was.—Club.

They Were Not Scared.

Old Gentleman—Now, you children, I'll
tell you what it is, if you make any more
noise in front of my house I'll speak to that
policeman.

Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled)—That
policeman? Bo! We ain't afeared of 'im!
Why, that's father's—Exchange.

Boudoir Amateurs.

"Ethel, Carol Hicks danced with me five
times last night. What do you think it
means?"
"It means that he is a man of much kind-
ness of heart, my dear Maud."—Brooklyn
Life.

Changed Conditions.

Brown—Why do you want me to buy you
a dog? You said you didn't want any only
the other day.
Little Johnny—But sister didn't have a
pet cat then.—Truth.

Method In Her Madness.

She called him birdy, love, love,
And then, her eyes bedimming,
She said, "Do any of those fellows, dear,
My ball dress needs retrimming."
—Life.

SHE WAS LOST AT SEA.**The Pathetic Epitaph of Many
a Brave Ship.****THE DANGER FROM DERELICTS.**

**Floating Wrecks and Icebergs Frequently
Sink Seaworthy Ships—The Case of the
Naronie Arouses Interest in the Cruel
Catalogue of Missing Steamers.**

Speak, for thou hast a voice, perpetual seal
Lift up thy surges with some signal word:
Show where the pilgrims of the waters lie,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirred.

Popular interest in the Naronie, the mag-
nificent freight steamer of the White Star
line, has called out opinions from all the
old experts in seafaring life, and many are
the curious and affecting stories told by
them of vessels long lost and recovered.
There are vast tracts in the ocean in which
disabled vessels may float for weeks or even
months without being heard of.



THE NARONIE.

There, for instance, was the English ship
Dispatch, "lost," as reported, on the way
from the West Indies to London, and
neither seen nor heard of for 48 days. Yet
she came in at last without the loss of a
man. She had broken her propeller and was
at the mercy of the winds and waves
till they drifted her to the Madeira.

There, too, was the old Hamburg steamer
Sch idt, which was lost for 60 days, yet
came into New York all right. And an-
other White Star line vessel, the Celtic,
was out 31 days in 1883 without being
sighted and was then found and towed
into Liverpool by the Britannic.

It is a curious fact that in the middle of
the Atlantic there is an immense region
crossed by very few vessels of any kind,
and a lost one might drift there a long time
without being sighted. Just three years
ago there was anxious waiting for news of
the Thingvall line Danmark, from Cop-
penhagen for New York, with 800 passen-
gers. After 52 days without tidings, the
steamship Missouri brought in 370 of them,
the rest having been left at the Azores. As
for the vessel, it was abandoned at sea to
become a broken "derelict."

Nevertheless the fact remains that the
number thus discovered is very small,
and from the very earliest times this record
has repeatedly been made in many lan-
guages: "The vessel sailed and was never
again heard of."

There is no summary approaching to ex-
tensiveness of the number thus lost, or even of
disasters at sea where all the facts were
known, since the beginning of history, and
it fatigues the imagination to dwell upon
it. Shakespeare makes the Duke of Clarence
dream that he saw as he sank in the
channel:

A thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

And another imaginative writer has com-
puted that the treasure sunk in the ocean
since the Syrian mariners first dived the
stormy Atlantic far exceeds all the precious
stones and metals now on earth. But it is
the agony of living friends that is most to
be considered. The event as it must neces-
sarily be is so easily pictured to the mind.
The passengers are sunk in sleep or uncon-
scious of danger, there is a terrific crash,
a mad and aimless rush, perhaps a few min-
utes of agonizing dread, perhaps even hours
of vain struggling, and all is over. Not one
is left to tell the tale.

Thus it was, no doubt, with the passen-
gers of the President, which left New York
March 11, 1841, with a large number of pas-
sengers, including a son of the Duke of Rich-
mond and many others prominent in New
York and London society. The best opinion is,
from the phenomena noted that season,
that the vessel struck an iceberg and sank
at once. Similarly the steamship Pacific
of the Collins line left Liverpool on Jan.
23, 1856, with 186 passengers, and was never
again heard of. The same fate befell the
City of Glasgow and her 480 passengers in
1854, the steamship Elia in 1873 and the fa-
mous City of Boston in 1870. So many
false and cruelly false reports were pub-
lished of her being sighted that months
passed before relatives of the passengers
abandoned all hope. Then a board from
the Boston's stores was picked up at sea on
which was a hastily scratched message that
the vessel was broken up in a gale and was
then sinking.

The pathetic story of the Arctic is still
fresh in the public memory, not so much on
account of the number lost as on account of
the high standing of many of them in the
arts and professions, the fact that the cow-
ardice and indecision of the crew and the
firemen defeated all the measures of the of-
ficers, and the affecting sermons and poems
called forth by the event.

When one considers the area of the ocean
it would at first view seem unlikely that
two vessels should collide in midocean as
that bullets fired from opposing armies
should strike in midair. Yet bullets do thus
strike and with surprising frequency, and
vessels do thus collide, the fact being that
the lines on which they run are, after all,
but a very small part of the ocean.

The regulations are now so strict, how-
ever, that vessels go from New York to
Liverpool and return on two lines which
are to each other as the two sides of a very
long and somewhat broken ellipse. Hence
it is that nearly all the collisions for many
years past have been with "tramp steam-
ers" or slow moving sailers. Thus the



THE CITY OF BOSTON.

Arctic struck the French vessel, the Vesta,
and the latter went under instantly, as a
common sight might be under a river steam-
er. Two British steamers, iron vessels of
2,000 tons each, the Elphinstone and Rede-
water, struck each other in a fog near
Point aux Trembles on July 5, 1877. Both
were going at full speed and struck square-
ly bow to bow, ripping off the iron plates
like pine boards and twisting up the im-
mense stanchions like so much pulp. The
Elphinstone sank, but the Redewater
reached port.

Another source of danger is in the "dere-
licts"—vessels abandoned at sea when
wrecked, but continuing to float—and it is
believed by seamen that a score of these are
still at large in the north Atlantic. The
actual history of some of these equals the

legend of the Flying Dutchman. On
June 22, 1892, the British ship Fred B. Tay-
lor was struck by the German steamer
Trave and literally cut in two, yet the parts
hung together for a few days. The crew
were all saved. Soon after the British
steamship Stuart Prince encountered the
broken vessel, and while sheering off from
it the captain saw the bow and stern break
apart and float in different directions.

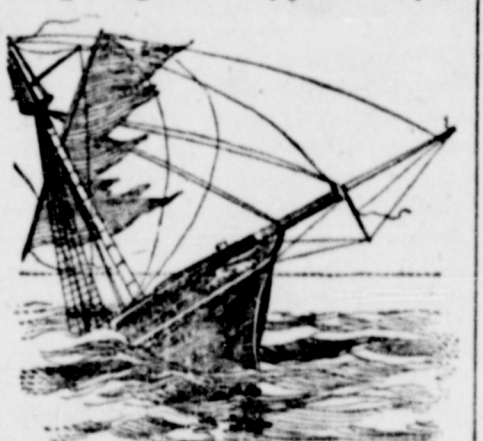
Next day the Dutch steamer Dubeldam
sighted the bow 30 miles east of the scene
of the wreck, and four days later the Brit-
ish steamship Tartar sighted it 100 miles
west of where the Dutchman had seen it.
A few days later it was sighted again, and
a rather gruesome sight it was. The bow
stood out of the water at such an angle
that the bowsprit stood straight up, and
the headstall was flying. It had now drift-
ed far to the north. At 3 o'clock in the
morning of July 15, the American bark
Neptune, a fast sailer, was at full speed
100 miles or so north of the place where the
wreck was last seen when the lookout man
suddenly shouted:

"A wreck! Dead ahead! Down with
your wheel—hard down!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" and hard down it was
and not a second too soon, for the dim
black form of the "derelict" raked the Nep-
tune's side lightly and passed on, the bow-
sprit pointing straight upward, with a mass
of spars and cordage dragging after it.
Well might the lookout exclaim: "Father Taylor
cite the prompt response of the helmsman
in such cases as an emblem of perfect faith.
From a sentimental standpoint it is indeed
a pleasant thing to contemplate. Practi-
cally in this case it saved the Neptune.
Again was the bow sighted on July 19 and
Aug. 18. Meanwhile the stern had been
sighted six times, and on Aug. 7 it ended its
career by stranding on Well's beach, Maine,
having traveled due north 250 miles. The
bow, with its startling upright bowsprit, is
supposed to be still on its wanderings.

Another vessel thought to be a "dere-
lict" is the coasting schooner Tecumseh,
which left Baltimore Feb. 18, 1892, loaded
with coal for New England ports. A fort-
night later she was seen driving helplessly
before a furious gale, and a week after that
a vessel thought to be the Tecumseh was
seen apparently hard aground on the Fen-
wick Island shoal, Virginia coast. The in-
surance companies took it as proved that
she was wrecked there and paid the loss,
but if so it must have been a very complete
breakup, as no wreck was found. So sea-
men think she is now a "derelict." She
was one of the largest vessels of her class,
a 4-master, valued at \$200,000. Her crew
consisted of Captain Pinny and nine men,
but no trace of them or their bodies has
been found. A total of 957 "derelicts" is
reported in the last five years, a truly
startling exhibit of the ratio of losses at
sea, and it is now proposed that the pas-
senger companies employ small steamers to
hunt for and destroy these floating dan-
gers.

It is a pleasure to close with the assurance
that ocean travel on the regular liners has
been growing safer every year for 30 years



ROW OF THE FRED B. TAYLOR—A TYPICAL DERELICT.

till the danger is now so slight as not to be
thought of by most travelers. Icebergs are
still a terror, but the system of collision
and engine bulkheads, with water tight
compartments, renders the twin screw
steamers practically unsinkable, and with
the present arrangements it is almost im-
possible for fire to get beyond control. Con-
sider that 80,000 Americans go abroad every
year, and you will see that the percentage
of losses is no greater than on land.

JEROME JACQUIN.

A TALL SNAKE STORY.**An Electrical Monster Thirty Feet Long
That Leaves a Trail of Ice.**

The town of Alexander, near Delphi,
Ind., has achieved a well merited reputa-
tion in contemporary history as the scene
of the most remarkable natural phenom-
enon or the tallest snake story on record.
Mark Weston, a farmer, is the witness, and
he tells what he saw in this way:

Just after dark I had occasion to go out
to the barn, which is about 30 rods from the
house and nearer the road. I had gone per-
haps half the distance when I noticed some-
thing playing along the ground that looked
like a tremendous fiery snake. The object
crossed my path, and as it did so I felt
the air grow much colder, and a moaning
sound arose, like the sighing of a wind
through the trees. I was terribly scared.

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Pimples AND Blotches

ARE EVIDENCE That the blood is wrong, and that nature is endeavoring to throw off the impurities. Nothing is so beneficial in assisting nature as Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) It is a simple vegetable compound. It is harmless to the most delicate child, yet it forces the poison to the surface and eliminates it from the blood.

I contracted a severe case of blood poison that unfitted me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me. J. C. Jones, City Marshal, Fulton, Arkansas. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have these furnished been so near the original samples as this one. Everyone will exclaim: "Well, that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black and white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.



"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The fresh infant is perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this great painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost \$200, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples: "A Yarn of Fancies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep every one posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$2, and you will really get over \$25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

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THEIR FIRST FIGHT.

IT WAS CORNED BEEF FOR DINNER THAT BROUGHT IT ABOUT.

The Diagram Man Tells the Sad Story of the Brief Married Career of Florence Deveraux and Ferdinand Worthington. Why They Parted Forever.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]
"It is!"
"It isn't!"
"I guess I know!"
"So do I!"
"You don't seem to know putty!"
"And I doubt if you know beans!"
They had been married 42 days, and this was their first quarrel. It was in their own cozy home on Strawberry avenue, as illustrated by the following diagram, which has never made a tour of the United States before.



Like most family quarrels, it began over a trifle. They had corned beef for dinner. The young husband had asked her if she would have a hunk, and she had sweetly replied that corn beef didn't agree with her. "Corned beef you mean, my dear." "No, darling; I mean corn beef." "That was the beginning, but alas! for the ending, which will be related further on, and that without extra cost to the reader. Little did Florence Deveraux imagine as she stood at the altar beside Ferdinand Worthington that within the brief span of two months he would seek to place his iron heel on her swanlike neck. His tyrannical action aroused all the bitterness in her nature, and she determined to die in defense of corn beef.

On the other hand, Ferdinand Worthington was both surprised and indignant. He didn't even know how to set a rattap, should thus rashly form an opinion; indignant that she should flourish her knife in the air and shout at the top of her voice. It wasn't the corned beef he looked at, but the principle of the thing.

"Florence, you are treading on dangerous ground!" he said as he laid down his knife and fork.

"So are you!" she promptly replied as she knocked over the catchup bottle with her elbow.

"When they speak of corned beef they mean beef which has been—"

"No one ever speaks of corned beef!" she interrupted.

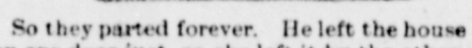
"Up to this time," he continued in a voice quivering with emotion, "I have overlooked your mistakes. Yesterday when you spoke of a linekill I did not correct you. Last night when you called it 'tenderline' of pork I kept silent. Even when I heard you explaining to your young brother that fanning mills turned out palm leaf fans all ready for use I only smiled at your innocence. But, Florence, I have put my foot down at corned beef."

"You mean corn beef!" she protested.

"I say corned!"

"And I say corn!"

Stung to the quick by her obstinacy, he seized the piece of beef from the platter and hurled it at her auburn head. Maddened by his perverseness, she dodged, picked it up and sent it whizzing at his chestnut curls.



So they parted forever. He left the house by one door just as she left it by the other, and each went out into the cold and cruel night to meet never again in North America. Relatives sought to bridge the chasm by calling it "salt horse" and "pickled beef," but it was in vain. There must have been occasions—when the night came down dark and wild and the raindrops pattered and the whippoorwill uttered his mournful song—that they regretted they had not had codfish for dinner that day, but if so neither ever admitted it. In case they had she would probably have contended that it was a fish which had been sent C. O. D.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Any Other Man Who Tackles the Bear Will Not Get Damages.

FAIR WARNING.—Last week that old wheelhorse of progress, Major Scott of Boston Valley, sent us down a present of a cinnamon bear about a year old. We were not exactly in need of a bear of any age, sex or species, but we accepted this one in the spirit tendered and chained him to a stake in the back yard of THE KICKER office. We supposed every resident of this town was more or less posted on bear nature, and therefore neglected to put up any signs of warning. While we were at church Sunday forenoon ex-Judge Blackman, who is a standard authority all over this territory on the garden of Eden, Noah's ark, the glacial epoch and other interesting things, happened to discover our bear and climbed over the fence to investigate. The honored and respected gentleman is still too feeble to



HAVING FUN WITH THE BEAR.

make any explanations, and we cannot therefore determine whether he mistook the cinnamon for a fossil relic of the drift period or a find bearing on the history of the cliff dwellers. At any rate he and the bear had a few minutes' fun together, and when we got there bruins was on top, and our seemed fellow townsman was clothed only in his shirtband. We are sitting up with him of nights and giving him medicine every hour, and we shall pay all expenses, but we don't propose to take any more chances. We have surrounded the bear with plain, readable signs of "Beware!" "Look out!" "Dangerous!" "Keep away!" "Don't monkey with the cinnamon!" etc., and we wish to add that we will not hold ourselves responsible for what may

appen to any other scientist who takes a notion to tinkle that beast under the fore leg to see what epoch he ought to be classed with.

A CANARD.—We do not know the critter who telegraphed east and west the other day that we had shot and mortally wounded Lawyer Williams of this town. We believe it is a good thing for him that we do not know him. The story as telegraphed is a canard of the first water and was sent away through sheer malice. As a matter of fact, we had an interview with the lawyer named. It was brief, but rather solid. A rumor reached our ears that the Widow Hennessy of Prescott Hill was going to sue us for breach of promise, and that Mr. Williams had taken her case. Please do not confound this widow with the four or five others who have instituted suits against us and been mentioned in these columns. We are a single man and rather impulsive. Where a widow has had anything like a legal case to do in us, we have frankly acknowledged the corn and come down with from \$15 to \$35 to settle the affair out of court. In this instance we knew Mrs. Hennessy had no case. We have frequently called at her abode, as was perfectly proper, but the conversation never once turned upon a tender subject. We always talked of the discovery of America, the invention of the telegraph and the grand future in store for Arizona, and when we left we took care that our pressure of her hand did not exceed over two ounces to the square foot. Lawyer Williams, as is well known in this town, is a shyster and has no legal standing. When he discovered that we were discussing science and eating peanuts with the Widow Hennessy every Sunday and Friday evening, he sought an interview with her and suggested a breach of promise suit and took it on shares. It is due to the widow to explain that she hesitated for several days, and then consented only because she was out of shoes and knew not where to turn. Wednesday forenoon we called upon Lawyer Williams. From the time we entered his office to the minute when he tore up the papers in the suit and asked us as a great favor to shake hands with him four minutes might have elapsed, but they were not over 40 seconds long. There was no shooting, no wounding, no killing. He saw his mistake from the outset and was perfectly willing to correct it. As his subscription to THE KICKER was nearly up, he took advantage of the occasion to renew it, and we parted in the most friendly spirit. So much for so much. We are getting tired of being made the victim of "our own correspondents," and as soon as the improvements to our private graveyard are completed we shall go on a hunting excursion.

THE SAME THING.

He Was In the War, but Didn't Draw a Pension.

As I sat on the tavern veranda an old colored man, who had a painful limp and was obliged to use a cane to assist his gait, came along and halted to say:

"Mebber yo' would like to help de ole man out his fix?"

"What is your fix?"

"Dun got wounded in de wah, sah. De enemy he fired on me an hit me in dat fat wid bird shot."

"Then you were in the war, eh?"

"Yes, sah."

"Do you draw a pension?"

"No, sah."

"It's singular that a few bird shot should disable you. What do the doctors say about your wound?"

"Wall, dat Doctah Renshaw he dun pick out seven or eight shot an say dat I'll be all right in fo' weeks, but de ole man must hev flour and meat, yo' know."

"Look here, Moses, what war were you in?"

"Why, dat wah up at Kurnel Kyle's, 'bout six weeks ago. Didn't yo' hear 'bout it?"

"No."

"I was dun gwine to see de kernel. It was in de night. I was gwine past de smokehouse. De kernel had a nigger dar wid a shotgun, an he lifted up dat gun an shotted me in de fut."



"KURNEL CUM OUT."

"Oh! I supposed you meant the civil war all the time. That's a different thing."

"No, sah—jest de same thing. Kurnel cum out and said I orter know better, an dat next time I'd be killed fur shuah, just like dey do in wah. It's all de same thing, 'cept I don't git no pension."

"I'll give you two bits if you'll answer one question. How far were you from the smokehouse when you were shot?"

"How fur? Didn't I dun say it was jest as same as in de wah? I was right in de doah, ob course! Doan reckon I was hidin behin a fence like a patriot, do you?"

"Not a Good Subject."

After a good deal of coaxing, with the promise of a quarter whether it succeeded or not, the old tramp consented to let the doctor see if he could hypnotize him. We took him around back of the depot and sat him in a barrel, and the doctor looked him in the eye and made passes before his face and finally asked:

"Are you asleep?"

"Y yes," sighed the old man, whose eyes were closed.

"But can you hear what I say?"

"Yes."

"Where do you think you are?"

"In heaven."

"What do you see around you?"

"I see a railroad depot. There are cars marked 'L. & N. R. R.' I am surrounded by eight or ten angels."

"Are the angels playing on their harps?" asked the doctor, who looked rather puzzled.

"No. It's their day off, I guess. They are talking, though."

"What are they saying?"

"They are talking about raising a purse of \$5 to help me get to Cincinnati to see my wife before she dies."

"Look here, you old scoundrel, you have been playing off on me!" exclaimed the doctor as he yanked the man off the barrel and put his boot against him.

"I want my quarter!"

"Take it and go!"

"I will, and I'll remember your meanness as long as I live! The idea of fooling around and sending me to heaven and then pulling

my leg just as the angels were going to get up a big purse shows what kind of a man you are! I don't want nothing more to do with you or this crowd. It's a wonder you didn't pick my pockets while I was climbing the golden stairs!"

Had Legal Business.

I wanted my trunk taken from the depot to the hotel at Selma, Ala., but when I asked the only drayman about it he replied: "Sorry to discommode yo' boss, but I've dun got to go up to de cotehouse right away. I've had papers served on me."

"Some legal business, eh?"

"Yes, sah, legal bizness."

"Witness in a case?"

"No, sah; it's a heap higher up dan dat."

"Going to sign a deed perhaps?"

"No, sah. Couldn't sign if I wanted to, caze I can't write."

"Drawn on a jury perhaps?"

"No, sah. Bein on de jury hain't nothin to brag ob. Reckon yo' can't hit it, an so I'll tell yo'. I've de plaintiff in a lawsuit, sah, an I've got a \$5 lawyer whose gwine to call me his client!"

"Ah! I see! Plaintiff, eh?"

"Plaintiff in a 'sault an battery case, an we's gwine to win it fur shuah an send de defendant to jail."

"You seem to be certain of your case."

"Deed I is, sah, an w'y not? I've got five ob my relashuns on dat jury, an if de sixth man doan agree wid em my lawyer will let out dat he stole nigh two bales ob cotton from de comress last summer! Can't help but win, sah. Sorry 'bout de trunk, but I've got legal bizness on hand an can't de-populate it fur nobody."

M. QUAD.

He Changed His Mind.

"I tell you, Jessop," said the Fourth street lawyer to the Elm street real estate man as they passed the banana stand on the corner, "there's a fruit that is not properly appreciated."

"What fruit?"

"The banana," said he positively.

"Why not?" asked the other dubiously.

"Why? Why? Man alive, don't you know that the banana is one of the greatest blessings a divine Creator ever showered down on humanity?"

"Cannot say that I did."

"Why, man, there is as much nutriment in one banana as there is in three 5-cent loaves of bread—it has been proved by analysis. The fruit can be eaten as it is, raw or sliced with cream or made into delicious ices or fried or baked. There is a fine flour for breadstuffs made from it when dried; sausage and beer can be made from the pulp properly prepared; the juice of the peel contains a substance that makes a really indelible ink and another acid that makes better vinegar than the best apple cider."

"And that isn't all—out of the tenacious fibers of the peel a textile fabric is now being made which possesses remarkable strength and flexibility and is of unusual beauty. And that isn't all, either—when I was in New York I found 6,000 men employed in making!"

Just then his feet struck something long, slim, slick and slippery lying upon the sidewalk. His umbrella flew out of his hand, and he kicked an ash barrel over into the gutter as he fell. And when he leaped furiously to his feet the only thing by his standers heard him say was:

"Deed gash a banana anyway!"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Injured Beyond Repair.

The lissom form of the beautiful woman was shaken by the convulsions of her grief, and the fixed look of dumb, hopeless misery in her dark eyes was pitiful beyond words.

"Marian, Marian, for your own sake be calm," entreated her friend as she knelt by her side and tenderly removed the hands that covered the hot, tear stained face.

"Tell me what it all means, dear."

"I cannot, I cannot," was the dull, listless reply. "No—no, I never can tell you one."

"You must—you shall," insisted the other firmly. "I cannot bear to see all the brightness crushed out of your life without sharing the burden with you, sweet. Perhaps it will make you feel better."

"Nothing can do that now. But I will tell you. It is best you should know all perhaps. You—remember that horrid creature from Cadillac whom I engaged as cook last week? Oh, I thought she was such a paragon. So young and modest and dainty in her ways! I—I had every confidence in her, and this morning I happened to step into the dining room just as there was a great crash in the kitchen. I opened the door quickly and saw my new soup tureen lying in fragments on the floor and my husband kissing the cook."

"The monster!" hissed her friend.

"Yes," sobbed the stricken woman. "It was the loveliest piece of china in the house."—Grand Rapids Democrat.

A Wonder.

First Citizen—I tell you he's a wonderful puglist.

Second Citizen—Humph! Who's he licked?

"Nobody as yet. But he's been whipped 18 times."

"Then, why is he so wonderful?"

"He has never once tried to explain why he was beaten!"—Quips.

Pleasant Prospects.

Silverspoon—Is your sister at home, Willie?

Willie Silmsun—Yes, I believe she is.

Silverspoon—Then I will take my overcoat off. She isn't engaged, is she?

Willie—No. But she says she will be if you keep on coming here.—Club.

Making It All Right.

Algy—Wagnald, what did you say, you know, when you were presented to the Pwince of Wales.

Reginald—Why, dear boy, the first thing I did was to apologize for the American revolution.—Life.

A Modern Exquisite.

She—Don't you think his manners are very easy?

He—Very, very. Admirably adapted for beginners.—Vogue.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

"Tis hard to tell," said I to Annette.

"What some people do with their money?"

There's my brother Ned, he is always in debt, and she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

I took the maid to Niagara falls.

Where we watched the rapids shoot in grandeur over the granite walls.

And she murmured, "Ain't it cute?"

The baby was yelling with all his might.

And tears down his cheeks were running.

And she said as we gazed on the sorrowful sight For a moment, "Ain't he cunning?"

I gave to Annette a damask rose.

For with love I was almost crazy;

She held it under her shapely nose

And gurgled, "Ain't it daisy?"

The only time that she spoke aught

Was when I went down the street

And bought her some caramels one night,

And she said to me, "Ain't they sweet?"

—New York Press.

"INSTIGATOR DOBBS."

Detectives Discover a New Profession and Separate Two Loving Hearts.

Joe Dobbs loved Ella Dee and confided in her. As one result of his love and confidence he is now in the Long Island City jail, where Ella is also confined. Joe is a lucky man, or rather was, for he is now decidedly "down on his luck." He has two professions. He is a trained hospital nurse and never had any trouble getting employment, as the various infirmaries in and around New York seemed to be in need of just such a man whenever he was seeking employ-



ELLA DEE.

ment. But even while nursing the sick Joe was able to practice his other profession, that of an "instigator," and as one of the young gentlemen connected with him in a business way suggested, "the smoothest instigator out of jail."

But Joe was not out of jail, for the police had already nabbed him and thus put it in the power of the press to inform an expectant public what an "instigator" is. In the sense in which it is used to describe a professional an "instigator" is a man who plans robberies for other men to commit, seldom taking any active part in them himself.

In this profession Joe was an adept, as a list of 18 postoffice robberies within 50 miles of New York city, all planned by him, amply proves. These were all "instigated" and committed between Jan. 1 and the time of Joe's incarceration a few days ago in Long Island City. But Joe's genius was not devoted solely to postoffices, for within the same brief period he has given considerable attention to various stations on the Long Island railroad, and numerous small burglaries, side issues as it were, are placed to his credit also. Two of these small burglaries ultimately led to the detection of Joe and his confederates, for whom the detectives had been searching unavailingly for many weeks.

A tailor shop robbery in Brooklyn led to a raid on a dilapidated house on High street in that city, on which the police had looked with suspicion for some time. The place was found to be the headquarters of a gang of burglars, and the police waited around until they captured five of them. Dobbs they caught on Staten Island, where he had just secured a situation at the sailors' Snug Harbor hospital. Another of the gang was caught masquerading as a consumptive at the Flatbush (N. Y.) hospital, hoping thus to escape arrest. This was Barney Dougherty. Ella Dee "gave him away," and he in turn "peached" on the rest of the gang, who had all refused to talk.

It is a habit the detectives have when they get hold of a criminal who keeps his mouth shut, to hunt up "the woman in the case." One of the detectives discovered that Dobbs had a mistress named Ella Dee, who was employed as a cook by a family in Brooklyn. Ella had been a patient in a hospital where Joe was a nurse, and after her recovery he devoted himself to her, though he had a wife living in the City of Churches. Ella had a handsome knife which Dobbs had given her and which the officer found was one of a lot that had been stolen from a store in Oyster Bay, N. Y., on the same night when the stations at Glen Head, Sea Cliff and Locust Valley on the Long Island railroad had been robbed. The detective thought Ella knew something of these robberies, and after Dobbs had been arrested devoted himself to her for an evening. A few drinks of whisky and a little flattery induced her to talk about her lover, and she incidentally mentioned Dougherty and told where he was. Then the detective gracefully conducted her to the Long Island City jail, where her lover already was, though she did not know it, and where she has since refused to say anything that can be of service to the police.

Then the detective turned his attention to Mr. Dougherty. On being told that Ella Dee and Joe Dobbs were under arrest, and knowing that the woman would sacrifice him to save her lover, he concluded to turn state's evidence. The police think his testimony will convict the worst gang of safe crackers and general burglars that has operated around New York in many years. If it does, Mr. Joseph Dobbs, professional nurse and expert "instigator," will not be able to practice either of his professions for some years to come.

Bracelets Made of Human Lips.

M. Jules Claine, who recently returned from the island of Sumatra, where he made an exploring expedition for the French Geographical society, tells some curious things of the natives. The Batak-Karos, he says, are excellent metal workers and make some unique jewelry. Their government is practically republican, the heads of families electing the village chiefs and the village chiefs electing a grand chief who rules the nation, which numbers 20,000 souls. Crime is rare among them, and the penalty of death is not inflicted. Their religion seems to be only a vague belief in the immortality of the soul. They have no priesthood, but worship small wooden idols. Funerals are conducted by placing the remains aloft on a bier, leaving it to become a skeleton, after which the skull is preserved in a coffin. The lips are in some cases preserved to be made into bracelets as a magical charm potent in warfare. The Batak Karos are literary, having manuscript books written on bamboo or sheep's shoulder blades.

A Lottery of Mummies.

The Egyptian government has decided to present the six great European powers with the mummies of the high priests of Ammon, found two years ago in upper Egypt. These treasures are to be divided among the nations and given for by the representative of the mummy, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg.

When a Bad Dream Was a Good One.

A Chicago woman was recently awakened by a bad dream at 1 o'clock, and the house was filled with sleeping gas. Investigation showed that a maid who attended the children of the family had accidentally turned on the gas after turning it off. The bad dream saved the lives of at least five persons.

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